HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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WHEN YOUR WAGES WILL BUY JUST HALF WHAT THEY BUY NOW.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

NEW YORK CITY, AUGUST 15, 1896.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

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The Nation's Honor must be Preserved.

For President,

WILLIAM McKINLEY, OF OHIO.

For Vice-President,

GARRET A. HOBART, OF NEW JERSEY.

PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN.

HARPER'S WEEKLY, August 1 to November 7, Inclusive, will be mailed on receipt of One Dollar.

"It would be a good thing for Eastern people to send copies of this campaign edition of HARPER'S WEEKLY *to all their friends in the West and South, particularly in those States termed doubtful."*

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MR. BRYAN AND THE POPULISTS.

A PRESIDENTIAL ticket with one head and two tails, and those two tails hotly fighting each other, is a novel spectacle in American politics. When we say that the two tails are fighting each other, we mean that Mr. SEWALL, the Democratic candidate for the Vice-Presidency, looks upon Mr. WATSON, the Populist candidate for the Vice-Presidency, as an intruder, and, to judge from his published utterances, scorns the thought of withdrawing in Mr. WATSON'S favor; while Mr. WATSON, no doubt, considers Mr. SEWALL—the national banker, and president of one railroad, and director of several others—as a part of the very money power to be abolished, and as a person utterly unfit to be intrusted with public office—a man to whom a conscientious Populist, as Mr. WATSON is, will never think of yielding. In our opinion Mr. WATSON has, in his contention, greatly the advantage of logic. Both the Democrats, in their latest state of evolution, and the Populists, according to their original creed, regard national banks, as well as railroad corporations, as parts of that great conspiracy which is seeking to impoverish and oppress the people. By nominating Mr. SEWALL for the Vice-Presidency the new Democracy has evidently stultified itself. Either the national banks and the railroad corporations are as bad and dangerous as the Democrats and the Populists represent them to be—and then Mr. SEWALL, who is evidently much sought after for president or director of such nefarious institutions, must be a bad and dangerous man, entirely untrustworthy as a leader in a war against "monopolies"—or Mr. SEWALL is a good man and a trustworthy anti-monopolist, and then the national banks and railroad corporations that select so excellent a patriot—in fact, run after him—to direct their affairs cannot possibly be the nefarious institutions the Democrats and Populists represent them to be. The nomination of Mr. SEWALL, therefore, meant either the selection of a traitor to the cause as a leader in the fight, or the surrender, aye, the exposure to ridicule, of an essential part of the platform.

That Mr. WATSON, who, according to all we learn about him, is an honest fanatic and believes in what he says, cannot think of betraying his cause by yielding the field to Mr. SEWALL, we take to be self-evident. To judge from some things he said in his newspaper at the very time when he was nominated for the Vice-Presidency, he has some grave doubts about the trustworthiness of Mr. BRYAN himself; and well he may. Mr. BRYAN, through his agent, Senator JONES of Arkansas, the chairman of the Democratic National Committee, anxiously sought the nomination for the Presidency by the Populist convention at St. Louis. He was hardly less anxious that the Populist Convention should nominate Mr. SEWALL for the Vice-Presidency, in order to give the ticket plain sailing with the Democrats. Mr. BRYAN'S agents worked like beavers to attain this end, and he himself intimated in a despatch that unless Mr. SEWALL was nominated too he could not honorably accept the Populist nomination. But this despatch was not communicated to the Populist convention at all, and by the few to whom it became known it was regarded as a mere "bluff"—an interpretation by no means complimentary to Mr. BRYAN'S character. At any rate, when the orthodox Populists had forced through the nomination of their man, Mr. WATSON, for the Vice-Presidency first, Mr. BRYAN'S agents did not withdraw his name, as he had intimated that they should in case of Mr. SEWALL'S defeat, and then Mr. BRYAN was nominated for the Presidency. Did he promptly decline, as he should and would have done if his despatch virtually making his acceptance dependent upon Mr. SEWALL'S nomination had been honest? He did not, but made a statement substantially to this effect: "I told you that I would withdraw if SEWALL were not nominated. In spite of this you nominated me. Whether I accept or not will depend upon the conditions attached to the nomination. My first desire is to aid in securing the free coinage of silver. I appreciate the desire of the Populists to unite the free-silver forces, but their platform goes beyond that and endorses some policies which I cannot approve. I shall do nothing that will endanger the success of bimetallism, nor shall I do anything unfair to Mr. SEWALL." This may be understood as meaning, "Since you Populists have nominated me in spite of my protest, for the good of our common cause, you will have to take the consequences, and to vote for me without exacting anything that might embarrass me with the Democrats."

Considering that his protest was not read to the Populist convention, but was known only to a comparatively small circle of intimates, and withheld by them, Mr. BRYAN'S subsequent declaration has a strong flavor of sharp practice about it, for it is more than probable, and it must have been known to him, that had his despatch making his acceptance dependent upon the nomination of Mr. SEWALL been officially communicated to the convention, that convention would never have nominated Mr. BRYAN for the Presidency. The unprecedented action of the convention in nominating the candidate for the Vice-Presidency first was evidently intended to test Mr. BRYAN as to his willingness to take the nomination with a Populist running mate. There is no doubt, therefore, that had Mr. BRYAN'S disinclination to do so been made known to the convention, as Mr. BRYAN in his declaration pretends that it was, the convention would without fail have added to the orthodox Populist candidate for the Vice-Presidency an orthodox Populist candidate for the Presidency, not Mr. BRYAN. Thus the unsophisticated Populists who thought they had done a clever thing in making the nomination for the Vice-Presidency first have been tricked by a shuffle much shrewder than theirs, and a great deal more unscrupulous.

As in the retrospect the nature of this artful game becomes clearer to their minds, it is likely to make the sincere Populists more distrustful of Mr. BRYAN, more determined to maintain an organization of their own, and more suspicious and difficult as to the arrangements required to concentrate the free-coinage vote. We believe that such arrangements will finally be devised, but we shall not be surprised to see, when the votes are counted, that Mr. BRYAN'S sharp practice in this case has hurt him more than it helped him.

ONLY ONE ISSUE FOR PATRIOTS.

THERE are a good many excellent men of the Democratic party who are disturbed about the tariff legislation which they think may follow the election of a Republican President and House of Representatives, and there are some Republican manufacturers who are doing their best to excite apprehension, and to lead those who take them seriously to fear that, with a Republican President and House, and with the Senate in the control of the silver men, a compromise measure will be passed and signed, in which an increase of duties and "something for silver" will be married.

We think that these apprehensions and fears are groundless, although it must be admitted that it would be a great deal better for the cause of national honor if Mr. McKINLEY were not forced by his visitors to say as much as he does about the tariff. The visitors who have sinned most flagrantly in this respect are some representatives of the glass-workers. It seems to have been reserved for men of this trade to speak for those who, rather than lose a chance for higher rates of duty and larger pecuniary profit at the public expense, would willingly see the country pass to a silver basis, its money depreciate, its working-men, farmers, and business men suffer all the distress and evils of a financial revolution, the government repudiate its bonded debt and default on its current obligations, and at last begin the voyage on the vast welter of communism for which the election of Mr. BRYAN would be the signal. It has been made clear in these last few weeks that there are men in the country to whom private gain is of more importance than the public welfare, and the selfishness and greed of such men are infinitely meaner and more hostile to the interests of the country than the wrong-headedness and fanaticism of the honest but misguided men who are to be found among the supporters of Mr. BRYAN. Happily, we believe, there are few of them, and they are sure to become fewer and much quieter as the campaign progresses.

There is no real danger of tariff legislation by the next Congress, whatever may be the result in November. In the first place, the tariff is not in issue, for the Chicago platform evades it; in the second place, the Republicans themselves know that the country will not stand another such act as that of which Mr. McKINLEY was the author in 1890; and in the third place, it is not at all likely that any general tariff bill could pass through Congress during the life of the next Congress, while it is certain that such a bill cannot become a law during the remaining months of the life of the present Congress. In the natural order of events the next Congress will begin its sessions in December, 1897, and its successor will begin its work in December, 1899, less than a year before the Presidential election of 1900. It is evident that if the sound-money men conduct a wise and energetic campaign for the control of the House of Representatives, there need be no fear of a compromise between the silver men and those high-protectionists who are so blinded by their own interests that they are unable to see an impending national disaster.

No one who is actively engaged in the present struggle really believes that there is any issue but that of the nation's honor. Mr. McKINLEY stands for the maintenance of the gold standard, for the just payment of the public debt, the loyal observance of all the nation's obligations; for the protection of the individual in the enjoyment of the fruits of his skill, ability, and industry; for the preservation of law and order and the dignity of the Supreme Court. He has given abundant evidence in his speeches that he recognizes the paramount issue. He said, a few days ago, in a speech to a delegation of his comrades of the Grand Army of the Republic, "Every dollar of that debt [the public debt] up to this hour has been paid in gold or its equivalent, *the best recognized money of the world*, and every dollar of that debt, my comrades, yet to be paid, will be paid in the same unquestioned coin." This is the exact opposite of the assertion which Mr. BRYAN made in the speech which brought him the nomination: "Protection has slain its thousands; the gold standard has slain its tens of thousands." By the gold standard Mr. BRYAN intends the methods by means of which the country has grown prosperous and rich. Honest dealing between man and man, and between the nation and its creditors, is included by the communists in their denunciation of the gold standard. The economic conditions under which enterprise has flourished and labor reaped its great rewards are typified by the gold standard. The politicians who are supporting Mr. BRYAN are "out for nothing but spoils"—to quote Senator JONES'S characterization of the Southern Populists—and in order to gain the spoils they are making war on fair dealing, on obedience to law, on property, on the thrifty who hope to accumulate property, and on all the muniments of our civil liberty. They cannot triumph unless they not only continue to deceive the honest people who have already fallen victims to their sophistries, but succeed also in deceiving a good many others. When Mr. McKINLEY accepted, as a feature of his platform, the assertion that the gold standard must be maintained, he necessarily accepted it as the essential feature. He became the candidate of the men of all parties who are struggling to save the nation from the infamy and distress that would result from Mr. BRYAN'S election. It is not a question as to whether he will subordinate the tariff issue to the money issue. The times, the existing political conditions, the interests and the sentiments of the voters of the country, his opponent himself, have sent all other questions to the rear to wait upon the settlement of the one paramount issue. And when the people shall have settled this issue by the election of Mr. McKINLEY, it will not be revived either for the purpose of compromise or for any other purpose. When it shall have been finally determined at the polls that the country shall not go to a silver basis, that it shall not repudiate its debts, that it shall not become a dishonest bankrupt, that law shall reign, that mobs shall not control our cities, that the courts shall still be respected and obeyed, that we shall remain a civilized power—then, perhaps, if they still have a fancy for appearing in public, these glass-workers and their kind may crawl out into the light and present their claims for higher duties—

claims for which they are now seeking a preference, notwithstanding the existing peril to the nation. But in the mean time Mr. McKinley and the other Republican leaders have no more time to attend to them and their petty concerns than they would have to attend to equally disloyal whispers that the dead and buried Force bill should be revived.

Mr. Bryan himself has given expression to the sentiment that should animate all his opponents: "We are fighting in defence of our homes, our families, and posterity." That is what he said, and what we should believe and act on. In the presence of the country's enemies, no patriotic Republican or Democrat will discuss the tariff.

THE USE OF SILVER.

To read current discussions on silver it would be supposed that silver had been deprived of the best part of its use since 1873, and as a "discredited" metal was shuffling around without takers. The 59,000,000 ounces annually produced in the United States are "persecuted" by law, and the main object of the 16-to-1 people, as explained by themselves, is to "restore" silver to its former position.

They overlook a very important point: that silver is a means to an end, and is most usefully employed when it is settling debts, purchasing food or clothing, or the raw materials of industry. No one would gain by keeping a hoard of silver by him. It is not by possessing but by parting with the metal that its usefulness becomes active.

If left to its natural or commercial value, silver does and will perform a very useful function in the economy of the United States. In the year 1896 nearly $60,000,000 in silver was exported from the United States, and $13,000,000 imported—leaving a difference in favor of exports of $47,000,000. This silver was not thrown into the sea, or given freely to other countries, or sent away because it has no place or room in the United States. It was exported because it is in demand abroad, it pays debts, or purchases the products of the world to the full amount of its market value, and by so doing is of higher utility than it could be by remaining in the United States. Never before has silver played so important a part in our international exchanges; nor can it continue its usefulness if there be any interference with its natural market relations.

This will be apparent by a comparison of what has occurred since the movement for "restoring" silver began. In 1873 the exports were $39,700,000, and after that year they declined till 1880, when they were only one-third of that amount. Under the stimulated production the quantity available for export increased, until the law of 1890 created a wider artificial domestic market. Since the repeal of 1893 there has been a remarkable increase in exports, from $32,800,000 to $59,800,000. While the government was purchasing silver largely, the exports were restrained. In 1880 the excess of exports over imports was only $1,227,980; in 1896 it was $46,700,000. In the former year the sum sent abroad would hardly have paid for the artificial feathers and flowers imported in 1895; in the latter year the sum would have paid for all the sugar, tea, fruits, and nuts obtained from abroad for consumption by our people.

Herein is to be found the great distinction between an artificial or legal ratio of silver to gold, and a natural or commercial ratio. In the one case government seeks to confer some value on silver which it did not before possess, and that additional value can only be of a local nature, unrecognized anywhere outside of the jurisdiction of the government. In so doing it adds merely a local use, while depriving it of a far wider sphere of utility in the foreign trade. The government purchases the silver, coins it, and circulates it in the form of a paper certificate. Stored in the Treasury vaults the metal is held for redeeming the certificate whenever presented for that purpose, and in 1895 represented a very different form of security than it did in 1878. In that year the metal piece back of each certificate was worth 88 cents; it is now worth only 52 cents. What would be said of a merchant who should keep on hand large quantities of goods the value of which was steadily falling, becoming more unsaleable with each day's keeping? His credit would be affected and his business methods derided. Yet the government purchased under the laws of 1878 and 1890 a quantity of silver, 460,210,900 ounces, which cost $464,210,090, and is now worth $308,164,000. Here was a loss of $156,046,000 caused by an attempt to "extend the usefulness" of silver. No wonder such an attempt is criticised, and the credit of the government brought into question, when a proposition is made to coin indefinitely this depreciating metal! This is part of the price paid for forcing the local use of silver.

Feeding local currency with a coin really worth little more than half its nominal value is the most insidious form of inflation. Paper notes have very little value in themselves, cost little to make, and this can generally be made apparent; but a silver coin has substance, value, and now passes everywhere in the United States at its face value. It serves a money function at home which it could not do if increased in number indefinitely. On reaching the border its true value becomes apparent, and the meddling of government exposed. Free coinage at any ratio other than the market ratio would deprive the piece of its local usefulness, for no one could be considered a benefactor who would require two silver dollars to perform what can be done just as well by one. That would be the inevitable outcome of inflation. There is no possible means of extending the use of silver at home without threatening results of a dangerous nature. That experiment has been carried as far as it can be carried without producing a crisis, and it remains to cherish and develop a use for silver which can be expanded to any extent with perfect safety and with decided advantage to our people—its export. The policy of the silver men would destroy the purposes now subserved by the metal.

AN INTERESTING DOCUMENT FOR WAGE-EARNERS.

If the wage-earners have any doubt as to the indifference of the leaders of the silver movement to their interests, they should read Senate Document 311 of the first session of the Fifty-fourth Congress. This document consists of some letters written by a Mr. John P. Young to the San Francisco *Chronicle*, and published in that paper on December 13, 1895, and February 2, 1896. They were presented to the Senate by Mr. Teller, the chief of the free-coinage party, and were printed in obedience to the order of that free-silver body. Wage-earners will find in them a remarkable argument addressed to the employers of labor for the purpose of warning them of the competition with the manufactures of this country threatened by the manufactures of Japan, and suggesting a way to meet it. In brief, Mr. Teller commends and endorses the argument that as Japan has really decreased wages by becoming a silver country, the rivalry of her manufactures is to be feared, and cannot be met unless our own manufacturers also reduce wages by adopting the silver standard.

But we shall permit this extraordinary document to speak for itself. After more than twenty years of ineffectual effort to maintain bimetallism, Japan went to a silver basis in 1878, and at the present time two silver yens (a yen being the equivalent of our dollar) are equal in value to one gold yen. In the mean time wages have not advanced, so that their purchasing power has been reduced by about one-half. Senator Teller's paper quotes the following telling statement from Sir Edwin Arnold, who is speaking of the industrial skill and capacity of the Japanese:

> "And when one realizes that this ability and capacity can be obtained there for an average of 8 cents a day, against $1 50 a day and upward in America, and 4 shillings upward in England, it is not hard to see that there is reason in what I say."

There are some further rates of wages exhibited in the Teller paper. From it we learn that carpenters, plasterers, and some others receive 26 cents a day; tailors and dyers receive 24 cents; male servants, 10 cents; laborers, 19 cents; and women weavers, 3½ cents.

The paper contains other statements, some of them taken from the reports of our own consular officers, while others are from the letters of English and American newspaper correspondents. They are all intended to show that Japan threatens our manufacturers because by reason of the adoption or acceptance of the silver basis the labor cost of their products has been reduced one-half. The argument is therefore that if this country will follow the example of Japan and become a silver country, our manufacturers will be able to compete with their Oriental rivals. Otherwise there is danger that the cheap product of Japan will injure our capitalists. The paper was evidently not intended for the reading of wage-earners.

An American correspondent, who is quoted in Mr. Teller's document, describes the manner of life of the wage-earners with whom Mr. Teller would apparently have our own working-men come into competition. He says:

> "The average working-man rises at six o'clock, and has his breakfast, consisting of rice and tea. The rice is often cold, and it may have been left over from last night's dinner. He pours hot tea upon it to warm it, and eats it with chopsticks. At eight o'clock he begins work, and at noon he has a lunch of rice, furnished by his employer. At six he eats his dinner at home. This consists of plenty of rice, a little dried fish, and clams if they are in season."

This invitation to come out for silver, addressed to the manufacturers who are supposed to be threatened by Japanese competition, is further emphasized by the statement, made in the paper, that "dividends of from 15 to 35 per cent. are not at all uncommon in Japan." The allurement held out to this country is that if it adopt the silver standard, some of its manufacturers will be able to hold their own against the cheap labor of Japan. It is true that the wage-earners will starve, but what does that amount to in comparison with dividends of from 15 to 35 per cent.?

What do the wage-earners think of this revelation of the true inwardness of the movement for the free coinage of silver, and for its natural and inevitable consequence, the establishment of silver monometallism and the reduction of the wages of labor? And yet that which has happened to the working-men of Japan is only what will happen here if the silver men be successful. Wages will remain about what they are, or will go up a very little and very slowly, while the cost of everything that wages buy will go up enormously, so that the day's wage on a silver basis will buy much less than is purchasable with the present day's wage.

THE HORSELESS AGE.

Everybody knows that abroad, and especially in France, automobile carriages have been used with entire success, and the long-distance trials between the capital and Bordeaux have amply demonstrated the fact that the new class of gasoline motors are both practical and efficient.

It may not be so well known that our American mechanics are also actively engaged upon the problem, but an examination of a recent number of a trade periodical devoted to the interests of automobile locomotion reveals the astonishing fact that no fewer than thirty-five manufacturers are preparing to place self-propelling carriages upon the market during the coming year. In the same number are described and illustrated over eighty plans for the application of power for street and road propulsion, the various systems, including steam, electricity, both storage and dynamic, coiled springs, and oil and gas engines.

It is true that the recent road trials at Chicago and Yonkers were not remarkably successful, but enough has been accomplished to show that horseless locomotion is a possibility in the near future, and with the extension of the good roads system it is a certainty. The remarkable advance in bicycle construction, including the use of light steel frames, ball bearings, and pneumatic tires, has been an important factor in bringing about this result, a development almost as important in its bearing upon social conditions as was the invention of the steam locomotive. And, after all, the steam railway is only sixty-five years old, while the trolley is a thing of yesterday. Truly this is the end of the century.

PLUTOCRACY AND POPOCRACY.

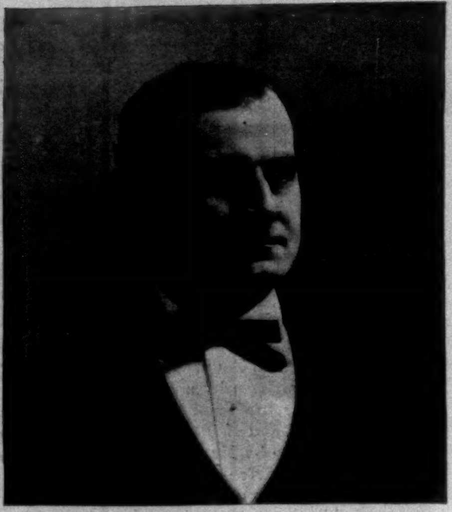
There is a great deal of talk, of which Mr. Bryan has done quite his share, about the cause of the poor man, and there is no doubt that most of the odium that attaches in Populistic circles to Mr. Sewall means that he has amassed a handsome fortune in a legitimate business. It used to be the boast of this country that a poor man, if he had commercial perceptions, could readily become rich. This was a just boast for the country, not only because it showed how easily passable were the lines between classes, but because a man cannot become rich in legitimate business without rendering a public service.

Now, however, for the first time in the history of the country, the cave of Adullam has been made the headquarters of a national party. Not only is every one that is in debt and every one that is discontented invited to join the Popocracy, but notice has in effect been given that nobody is expected or desired who is out of debt or contented. The uprising of the failures of society against its successes is not apt to be very promising, for the reason that the successes comprise much more than their share not only of the money but of the energy and intelligence of an industrial community. To the rule, however, that rich men are not wanted in the combination there is one singular exception. So long as a man has made his money either in mining the precious metals or in gambling in them, he is as welcome to the Popocrats as the flower of May, and he may be as many times a millionaire as he is able. Nay, his main object in life and his only object in politics may be to secure by legislation an artificial price for his product, if his product be silver, and the Adullamites will hail him as a brother, and declare that he is vindicating labor against the money sharks.

It is a very curious conjunction, but there is no doubt that it has occurred. While the Popocrats were raging in a dishevelled manner in one hall in St. Louis, in another were gathered the representatives of the only millionaires who do not excite the rage of the one-gallus delegates. There were delegates from such oppressed and horny-handed sons of toil as Stewart and Jones and Newlands of Nevada, and of all the other "plutocrats" who oscillate between San Francisco and Washington, while maintaining political residences in the far gulches or cañons from which their fortunes are derived. These men were assembled in order that the nominal value of their product might be doubled at the expense of the business of the country, at the expense of the labor of the country, at the expense of the honor of the country, and that they might have the legal right to force it upon the mints at this advanced price. And the deluded delegates in the other hall, who would have foamed at the mouth if the silver convention had been a convention of the representatives of great railroads which had developed the resources of the country, or of great banking institutions which had enabled them to be developed, were fatuously pleased with the neighborhood of the silver millionaires who were engaged in "putting up a job" upon the people of the country, including the deluded delegates themselves.

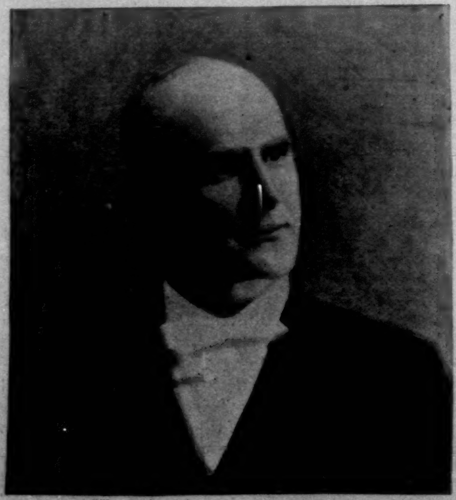
The tender association thus begun has been continued by the taking of adjoining headquarters for the plutocrats represented by Jones of Nevada and the motley horde of Popocrats and Demulists, whose interests, much to his own bewilderment and ultimate confusion, were put in charge of Jones of Arkansas. The search of the Chicago Popocrats for a millionaire to put upon the ticket with their poor-man's candidate, and their sudden settlement upon Sewall after the rapid flight from their nomination of the oppressed agriculturist McLean, was one of the most diverting features of the performance. Mr. Tom Watson observed, before he was himself a candidate, that Bryan was to run the windmill and Sewall the pay-car. A gentleman from the back districts of Georgia may well be forgiven for exaggerating the efficiency of a million of dollars in a national campaign, and also for exaggerating the amount which Mr. Sewall was prepared "to give up" for his chance of the Vice-Presidency. But Tom need not agitate himself about the "pay-car." So long as the silver plutocrats think the oppressed agriculturists will help them to unload their product on the government at a fancy price, so long there will be no trouble about the campaign fund.

THOMAS E. WATSON.
Photographed by Bell.

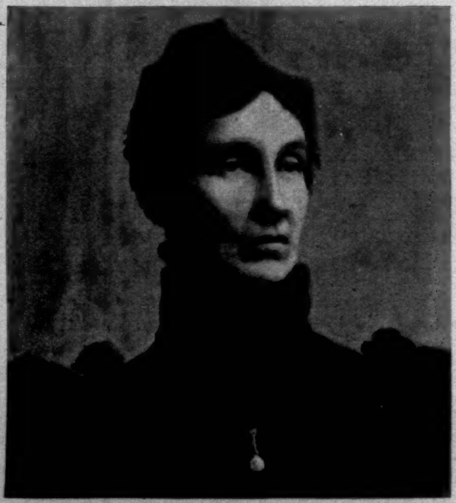


WILLIAM J. BRYAN.
Photographed by Bell.

ARTHUR SEWALL.

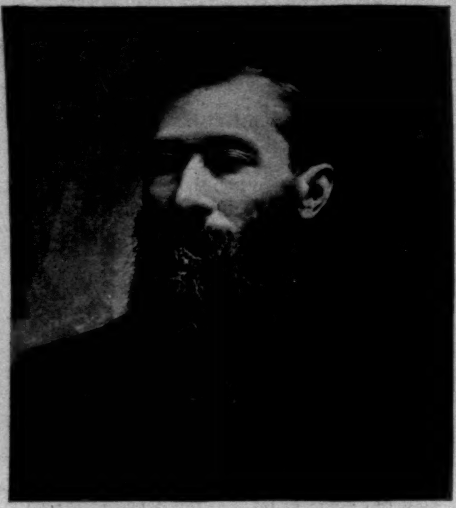


EUGENE V. DEBS.

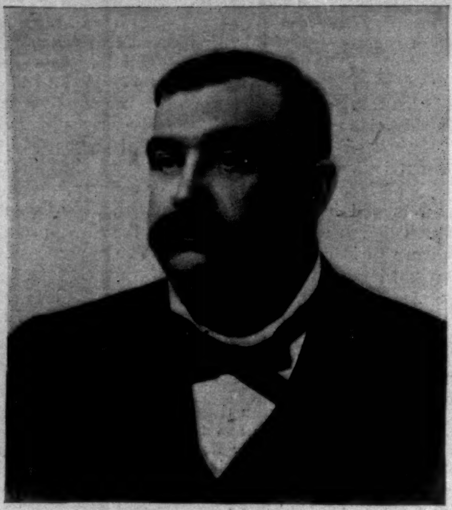


MRS. LEASE.

J. S. COXEY.

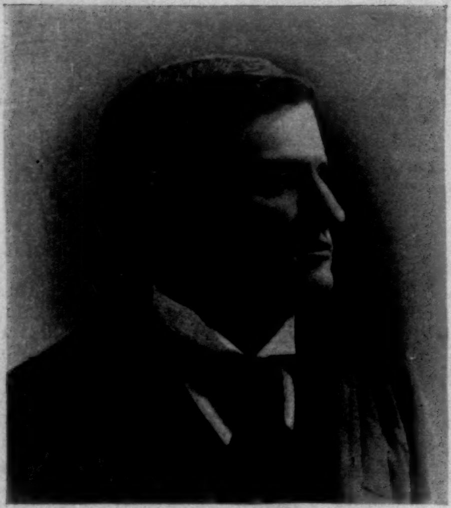


WILLIAM A. PEFFER.



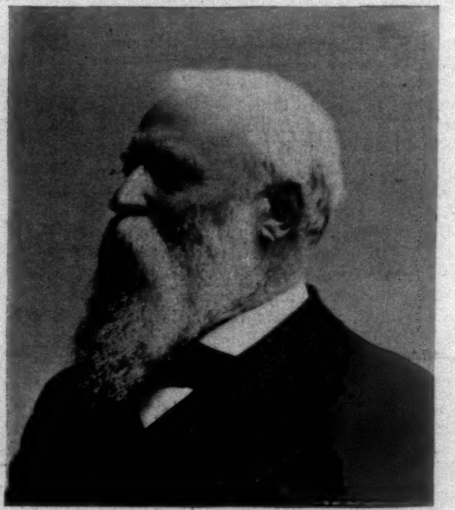
HENRY D. PURROY.

JOHN P. ALTGELD.



BENJAMIN R. TILLMAN.

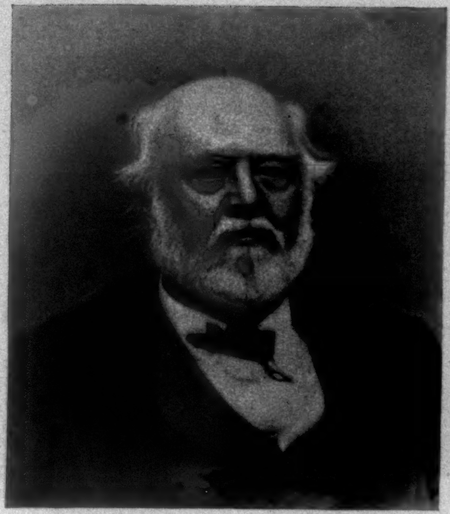
WILLIAM SULZER.



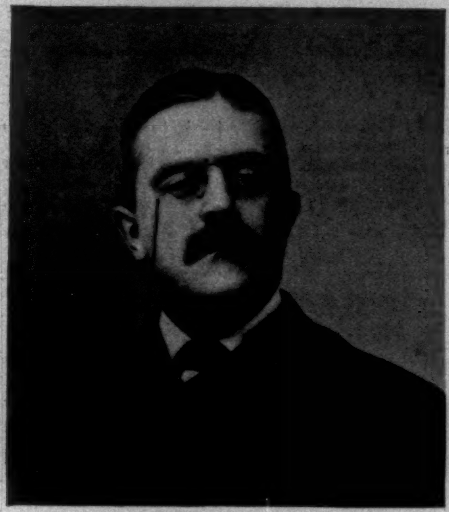
WILLIAM M. STEWART.
Photographed by Bell.

W. J. BRYAN AND SOME OF HIS SUPPORTERS.

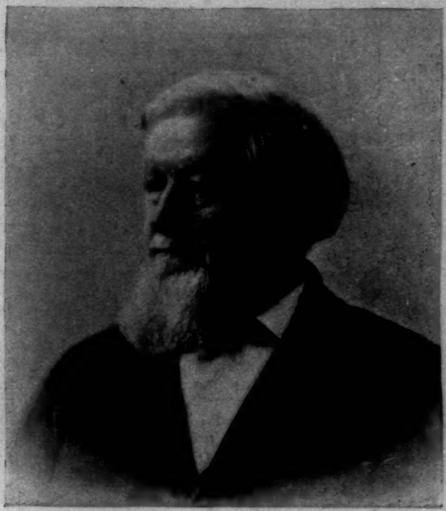
ENEMIES OF THE NATION'S HONOR, OF THE COUNTRY'S PROSPERITY, OF THE WAGE-EARNERS AND FARMERS, OF THRIFT, AND OF LAW AND ORDER.



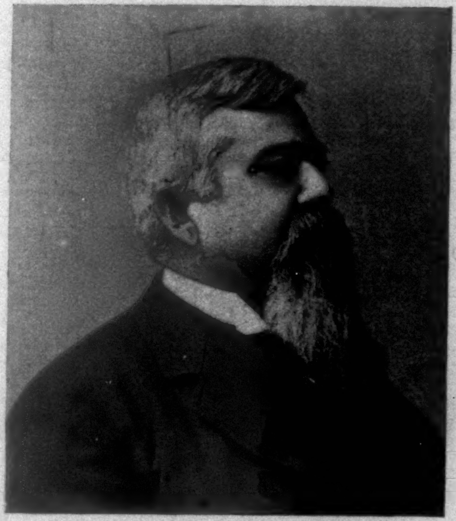
CHARLES LEVI WOODBURY.



CHARLES S. FAIRCHILD.
Photographed by Bell.



JOHN M. PALMER.
Photographed by Bell.



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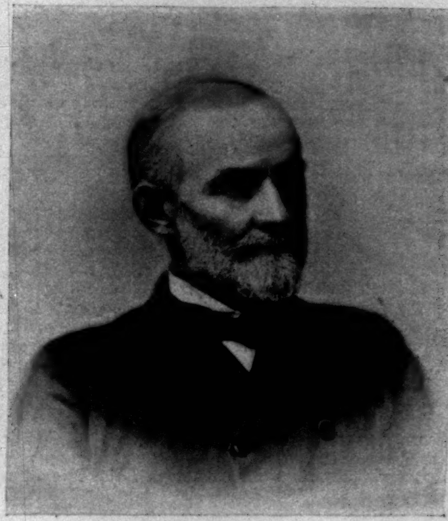
Photographed by Bell.



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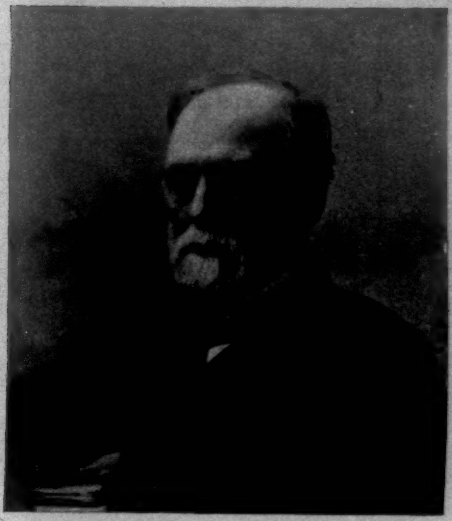

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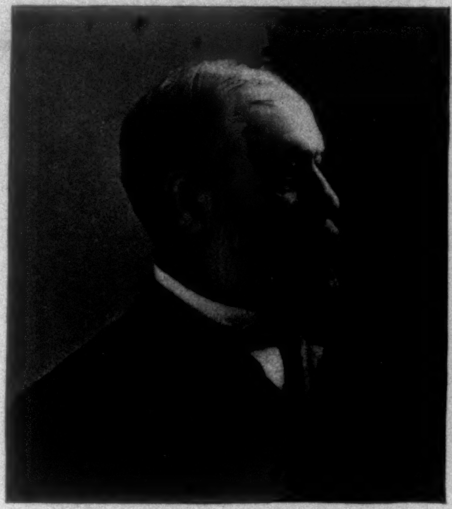
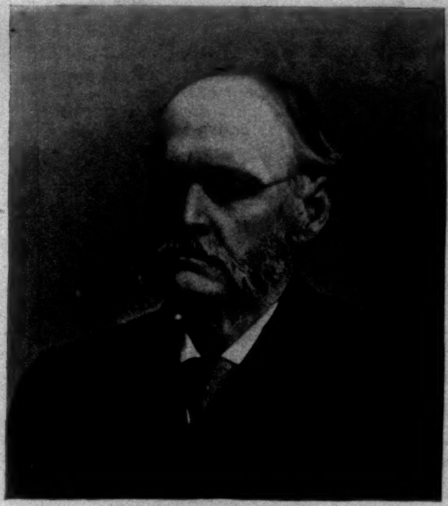
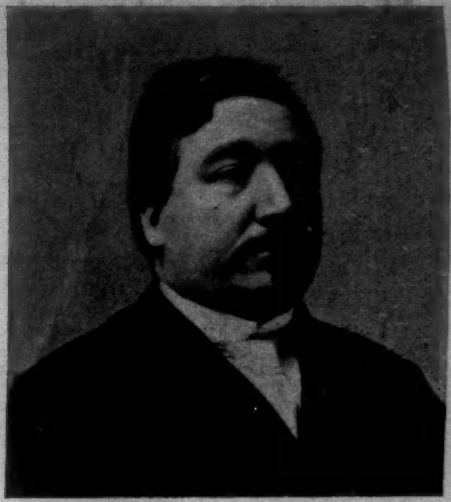


WILLIAM F. VILAS.
Photographed by Bell.



DAVID A. WELLS.
Photographed by Laighton Brothers.



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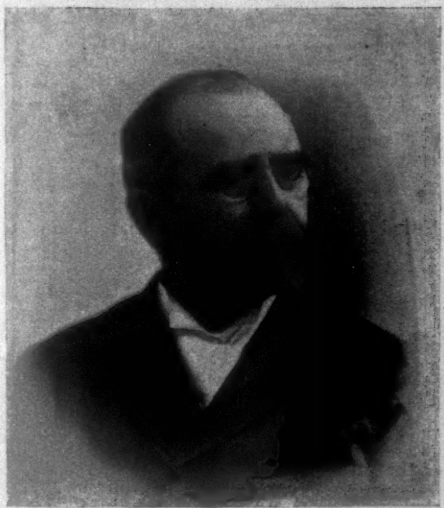

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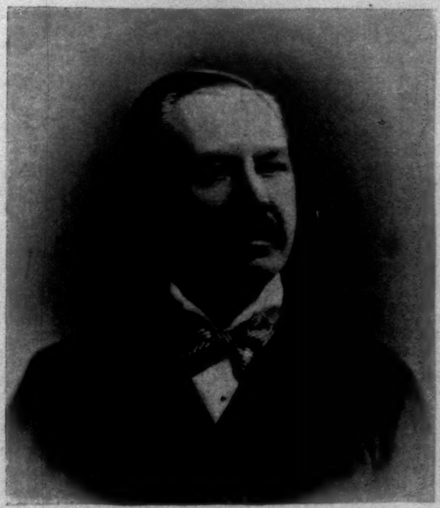
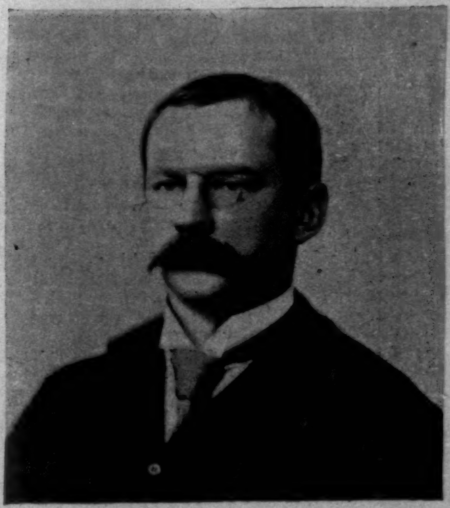


WILLIAM D. BYNUM.
Photographed by Bell.



NATHAN MATHEWS, JUN.
Photographed by Black.

SOME PATRIOTIC DEMOCRATS.

MEN WHO PREFER THEIR COUNTRY'S HONOR TO THEIR PARTY'S SUCCESS, AND THEIR PARTY'S PRINCIPLES TO THEIR PARTY'S NAME.

THIS BUSY WORLD

EVERY now and then some one dies whose death leaves a great void in contemporary conversation. There are men who are important and become prominent without ever inspiring so much talk; and again there are other men who are prominent who for one reason or another are continually discussed and argued about, *pro* and *con*, to a degree sometimes that seems out of all proportion to their importance. Such men are usually persons who have some sort of twist in them which makes them do unexpected things, or makes their characters hard to understand, and their intentions difficult to forecast. Roscoe Conkling was such a person. People were forever discussing him. First it would be, "What will he do?" and then, "Why did he do it?" If he had been a daily newspaper instead of a man, he would have had a great circulation, for there are few things so interesting as the unexpected, whether in man, woman, horse, or journal. Such another person, though a very different sort of person from Senator Conkling, was the late Bishop Coxe. He is a great loss on many accounts—because of his learning, his piety, his personal comeliness (for he was a beautiful-looking bishop)—and, among others, because he made so much interesting talk in and out of his diocese. His mind was active, and he was fluent with tongue and pen. The unexpected thought that occurred to him immediately found its way into general circulation, and every little while he set folks agog over something that he had said or done, usually outside of the immediate line of his episcopal duties. Of course he was very freely criticised; but though the talk he inspired was always lively, it was very rarely unkind. Many of his acquaintances thought his judgment defective about a good many things; some thought him a better man than bishop; but there were things about him that every discriminating person respected and admired, whether they agreed with him or not. It was generally recognized and agreed that the bishop was a scholar, a gentleman, and a Christian—three admirable things, and delightful in conjunction, especially in a bishop. Perhaps it was because of this three-sided development that he was able to do and to say with comparative impunity things that would have kept most men in hot water. He was a great fighter, disapproving of a great deal that he saw, and never hesitating to denounce what he disapproved; but he was never quarrelsome, never hateful, never bitter. Every one who knew him knew that he was sincere and kind, and malice was not borne against him. He battled with certain pretensions of the Roman Church for half a century, and never spared language or learning in the fight, but personally he seems to have lived as much at peace with his Roman Catholic brethren as with men in general. Western New York will have a new bishop presently, and no doubt will have a good one, but it will hardly have again a bishop who will give it so much to talk about, and yet so little to offend, as Bishop Coxe.

Testators whose properties are encumbered should realize that this is no time to die, and should take due rest and change of air, and try to worry through the summer. It is the plain duty of every man who thinks himself competent to manage his own affairs to live out this present year and see where he stands on the 1st of January. The summer has been pretty hot and pretty moist, and often enough, no doubt, the temptation to turn over to executors the tangle of equities and heavily weighted chances which constitute the average business man's property has been great, but it would not be fair to the executors. The duty of testators is to hold on, if possible, until there is a market for everything that nobody wants at present, and they can clear up tangles themselves.

There are compensations about most scrapes that men get into, and, of course, the worse the scrape the more desirable it is to make the very most of the compensations. It was a very great misfortune that young Mr. Vanderbilt should have fallen in love with a lady whom his father did not think him fit to marry; but when one contrasts the wedding he had with the wedding that might have been if events had been more auspicious, it is almost enough to incite other intending bridegrooms to improvise disagreements with their papas for the express purpose of getting quietly married. At a recent Vanderbilt wedding it took five hundred special policemen to keep the street open, and most of the florists in New York to supply the flowers, and several bishops to help with the marrying, and pretty much all the available day force of all the New York papers to report the proceedings. To be sure that was a *Miss* Vanderbilt wedding, and that makes a difference, but not all the difference.

About ten o'clock on Monday, August 3, Mr. Vanderbilt Junior went around, unattended by the police, to the house of his bride's father, where he met the bride and the members of her family and his own best man. He was married at noon by an assistant rector, and took the one-o'clock train for Saratoga. There has not been a simpler wedding in high life in New York since the widow Hammersley went to the Mayor's house and came away a Duchess of Marlborough.

Here's wishing Mr. Vanderbilt and his young wife a perpetual continuance of that preference for one another which has prevailed over obstacles so many and severe. There is a strong prejudice in this country against young men who break engagements to marry. That Mr. Vanderbilt Junior should have had to choose between facing that prejudice and incurring his father's displeasure was very unlucky. So far as appears, he chose the more honorable way out of his dilemma, and his conduct, in so far as the case is understood, squares with contemporary American ethics.

By way of helping on the cause of fiscal enlightenment, Messrs. Harper & Brothers propose to issue a large and very cheap edition of Mr. David A. Wells's *Robinson Crusoe's Money*, a little book which was found useful in abating the greenback craze of 1875. It was widely circulated at that time in the West, and especially in Illinois and Indiana. Since then a new generation of voters has grown up, very many of whom may find profit in its pages. Mr. Wells has released all claim to royalties from this new edition, which is issued solely in the interest of public instruction and sound money.

E. S. MARTIN.

The American artist, if he is to really leave a name behind him, has more chance to do his best in his own land—once he has conquered his *métier* and is ready to make his statement intelligently. If the New World painter, ignoring the quiet domesticity of the civilized East, with its big cities and greater cultivation, yearns for the picturesque, there is still no reason for him to leave the continent of his birth. He may not, it is true, find the material at his very door, but railroads are many and fares are as low as is consistent with decent transportation, and not half the story has been told. In the last spring exhibition of the National Academy of Design, in New York, there hung an enormous canvas, depicting as weirdly strange and picturesque a scene as perhaps the whole world has to offer. It was the picture by Fernand Harvey Lungren, reproduced on another page, and called "The Snake-Dance." Time was when Mr. Lungren confined himself to illustrative work for the magazines of the day, with an occasional water-color. His "Shadows in the Park," an electric-light effect, painted more than a dozen years ago, caught the popular fancy. But the man was ambitious. Like the star of empire, he took his way westward, and, deflecting slightly south, he was caught by the fascinating influences of the glories of Colorado, absorbed by the novelty and color of the wild, barbaric splendor of the red man. If he was not the original discoverer in these lands, among these people, he has at least brought dignity, force, and effectiveness to a daring original composition, and in his work demonstrated the keenest observation, not unmingled with technical abilities of a high order. Though Mr. Lungren still finds leisure for pictures of an illustrative nature, the greater part of his time is given to the working out of sketches, made far from the art centres, in a wilderness of rocks, sand, and cactus. He has only begun, however, and the field is a rich one. Apart from its effects of ravishing color, queer customs, and strange manners, the land offers to the painter the joy of an out-of-door existence nowhere surpassed, and is a region of health the like of which may not be found. The motives here are of profound historical importance, already being crowded out by the march of civilization and the artistically blighting touch of progress.

FERNAND HARVEY LUNGREN.

Mr. Lungren has secured the confidence of a number of the tribes, and of one of the Ho-pi (or Moki) is an adopted son and a priest of the Antelopes.

A. H.

Captain Joseph F. Johnston, who has just been elected Governor of Alabama, owes his nomination and his election to his earnest advocacy of the cause of the free coinage of silver. He was an unsuccessful opponent of Governor Oates for the nomination in 1894. At that time he was regarded as the candidate of the national administration. Two years brought many changes. The advocacy of the gold standard by the national administration became most pronounced, and Captain Johnston sought political preferment as an anti-administration candidate. With Congressman Richard H. Clarke, who declared for the gold standard, he made a canvass of the State, and was nominated for Governor by a vote of 356 to 148.

Captain Johnston's opponent at the polls was Congressman Goodwyn, the Populist leader. The Populists having the same candidate for President as the Democrats, and having similar platforms, failed to preserve their party lines effectively, and Johnston was elected Governor easily, according to the returns.

JOSEPH F. JOHNSTON.

Captain Johnston was born in 1843 in North Carolina. In 1860 he went to Alabama, and a year later entered the Confederate army, and served with gallantry through the war. He then settled in Selma, studied and practised law. Birmingham soon arose like a magic city, and Captain Johnston became president of a national bank there. He has always been foremost in the upbuilding of that enterprising city. He went into politics early, and served twice as chairman of the Democratic State Executive Committee, thus winning his way to political preferment.

Personally Captain Johnston is of average height and weight. He has firmness and determination marked in his manner, and is regarded as one who has a pronounced magnetism when he appeals to public audiences. His canvass with Congressman Clarke for his party's nomination and his contest with Congressman Goodwyn at the polls attracted considerable attention. Political methods in the matter of counting votes are not on the highest basis in Alabama. Captain Kolb, the Populist leader, who ran for Governor there in 1892 and 1894, asserted that he was counted out by enormous frauds in the "black belt," and the election returns seemed to give reasonable ground for the assertion. Goodwyn's friends declared that his fate would be similar to Kolb's. Like Kolb, he has been beaten, but whether it was due to indifference on the part of the Populists, or due to fraud, or due simply to a lack of votes, is a question that the Populists and Democrats may, and probably will, wrangle over bitterly. So far as sound finance is concerned, it matters little which side won.

F. M.

On Mr. Edwin Lord Weeks has been conferred the distinction of the Legion of Honor, which decoration was given him by the French government on the 14th of July last. Mr. Weeks was born in Boston in 1849. He became a pupil, in Paris, of the École des Beaux-Arts, and studied under the direction of Bonnat and Gérôme. Mr. Weeks exhibited many of his pictures in the Salons, and received an honorable mention in 1885. His most remarkable works are: "Jerusalem from the Bethany Road," "The Cup of Coffee," "Pilgrimage to the Jordan," "Scene in Tangier," "The Story-Teller," and "The Moorish Camel-Driver." During his life abroad Mr. Weeks has become familiar with the East, and particularly with northern Africa, having visited the larger part of Algeria and Morocco. Mr. Weeks is a member of the Boston Art Club. This artist is well known in the United States not only as a skilful draughtsman, but as a *littérateur* of merit, wielding pencil and pen alike. In conjunction with the late Theodore Child, Mr. Weeks was commissioned by the Messrs. Harper, as an artist, to undertake an extended tour in the East. This was in the fall of 1892. Unfortunately Mr. Child was stricken down by cholera, and died at Julfa, in Persia, in the month of November of the same year, and so it was left to Mr. Weeks to prosecute the double work alone, and this task he accomplished in a most commendable manner. In HARPER'S MAGAZINE of 1893 appeared a series of articles entitled "From the Black Sea to the Persian Gulf and Other Parts of India," text and illustrations furnished by Mr. Weeks. In HARPER'S WEEKLY, from January to April of this year, may be found many full-page pictures, executed by Mr. Weeks, illustrating Armenian conditions. Among these may be cited "Armenian Refugees arriving at a Khan," "Kurds reconnoitring a Mountain-Pass," "Wagon-Train of Armenian Refugees attacked and wrecked by Kurds," with scenes in the principal square of Trebizond. The last picture was entitled an "Armenian Pastoral." Mr. Weeks's distinguishing traits are faithfulness, picturesqueness, and high artistic feeling. As the gold medallist of the Paris Exposition, 1889, the recent honor received by the artist is fully merited.

HARPER'S WEEKLY is advocating the election of McKinley and Hobart because the Republican party is the only one which is to-day actively supporting the gold standard. Eliminating for the moment the value of gold as a metal, when compared with silver, there are other and far more serious questions involved than that of mere money. To make silver the equivalent of gold would involve, not financial ruin alone, but, what is worse, it would be a precedent for the repudiation of debts, the annulling of contracts, and would give encouragement to what would be a debased standard of morality. Such a policy as was suggested at Chicago, if it were carried out, would result in the wreck of individuals and disaster to the nation. HARPER'S WEEKLY believes that in a time of peril its duty is plain. It advances the interests of the party which scorns repudiation and adheres to the Constitution. Numerous letters have been received acknowledging the help it has given, not to Republicans alone, but to Democrats. It has been suggested, and the idea is an excellent one, that Eastern readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY should send copies of the journal to their friends in the West, and particularly to those States where opinions are wavering. HARPER'S WEEKLY for the campaign of 1896, from August 1 to November 7, inclusive, will be sent on receipt of one dollar.

We follow, as a matter of curiosity, the name of Li Hung-Chang, the present representative of China in Europe, now being received with such deference by kings, emperors, and queens. At least Li Hung-Chang has a recommendation, for General Gordon said of him, in 1880, "Li Hung-Chang is a noble fellow, and worth giving one's life for." Gordon's esteem for Li Hung-Chang arose from the aid given him by the Chinese statesman during the T'ai-p'ing rebellion. A writer in the *Contemporary Review* endorses Li Hung-Chang's ability, even his sincerity of purpose. It seems impossible that any sane Chinaman has not been roughly awakened by the shaking up Japan gave him. Mr. Dimetrius C. Boulger intimates, however, that in all China there are only Li Hung-Chang, a few personages in high rank, and the Empress Dowager who are not still sleeping. In direct opposition to the doing of anything is the literary class, and in no country in the world is there a class so powerful. It seems incredible, with our ideas of what is human culture and intelligence, that millions of people should be governed by what we consider to be nothing more than human parrots. As far as public administration goes in China, Mr. Boulger says the system is good, but what is worse than bad are the administrators themselves. The literary class are as the fossils of the past embedded in the rock, and will ever impede progress. Naturally all topics which are Asiatic lead to one end, and that is the Russian one. Would it suit Russia that Li Hung-Chang's efforts to bring modern life into China should meet with success? Mr. Boulger insists that "the great protecting arm of the Czar" is to be circled round effete China, and that for China to keep on sleeping forever, nestled on Russian knees, is just what the Minister of Foreign Affairs at St. Petersburg wants.

B. P.

LONDON.

THE death of Mr. Charles Dickens, the son of the famous novelist, removes one of the most familiar figures in London literary society. Mr. Dickens was always somewhat of a disappointment. With many and versatile talents he never achieved absolute success in any of his undertakings. He was apparently unable to concentrate his abilities on one single pursuit. At his desk in a banker's office he dreamed of becoming a great Eastern merchant. To that end he travelled through China and Japan in the hope of gaining such knowledge and experience as would fit him for his career. In 1862 he actually set up in business in the City; but one gathers a hint in his father's letters of that period that he was wanting in businesslike push and energy. Anyway, he soon turned his attention towards journalism as a profession. He began to write articles, mostly descriptive of his foreign travels, for *Household Words*, which his father was editing. In time he became assistant editor, and in 1870, on Dickens's death, succeeded to the proprietorship of *All the Year Round* under a codicil to his father's will. The paper did not prosper under his management, and he eventually re-

tired into a safe berth in the business department of Messrs. Macmillan & Co. So far as is known he never tried his hand at fiction. Of late years he greatly resembled his father in appearance, and to the older generation his striking face and brisk energetic movements must have called up many memories of the great novelist. He had a passionate admiration for his father's genius, and was at all times ready to come forward as his literary champion. From his readings of his father's works one got more than a faint idea of the marvellous effects the novelist used to create. He was a first-rate reciter and capital after-dinner speaker, and so far followed in his father's footsteps. But in him, as Matthew Arnold once observed of some charitable institution, we had the great name without the great sting. S. B.

PARIS.

A CERTAIN excitement has been lately caused in French literary circles by the death of Edmond de Goncourt, a celebrated man of letters, who, together with his brother Jules, was one of the originators of the naturalistic tendency in French romance. By his will his entire fortune is to be consecrated to the foundation of an academy, to be called the Goncourt Academy. It is to be composed of ten members, each to receive $1200 annually, and is instituted with a view to encourage independence in art and to enable writers of talent to maintain, before all things, the dignity of letters. Should any one of these members see fit at any time to enter the French Academy, he is to be at once considered to have resigned, and his colleagues are to proceed to the election of a substitute; each member is also to be replaced by election after death. Eight of the members were chosen and named by Goncourt in his will, viz., Alphonse Daudet, Léon Hennique, Huysmans, Octave Mirbeau, Rosny senior, Rosny junior, Paul Margueritte, and Gustave Geoffroy. Both François Coppée and Loti were at one time inscribed on this list, but were afterwards erased. The eight Academicians already named will at their first sitting elect the two members required to complete their number.

A foot-race was recently organized in Paris with a view to beating the record of the Athenian Louys at the recent Olympic Games, who covered the distance between Athens and Marathon, viz., forty kilometres (about twenty-five miles) in 2 hours 55 minutes. The race was won by the English runner Leonard Hurst, who covered the same distance in 2 hours 31 minutes 30 seconds, thus beating all records in the world of races on the road, the best record hitherto being 2 hours 36 minutes. Out of 191 runners engaged, nine beat the record of the Athenian Louys, and 80 covered the forty kilometres in less than four hours. F. F.

CHICAGO.

THE trustees of the Chicago Orchestra have decided, after much discussion of the subject, to organize a chorus as a permanent auxiliary to their work. Heretofore the Apollo Club chorus, the oldest and best-trained vocal organization of the city, has co-operated with the orchestra in the production of the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven at several concerts, while the orchestra, on the other hand, has aided the Apollo Club in such works as *Messiah* and the *Damnation of Faust*. But this arrangement has not proved altogether satisfactory, and has led to dissensions that have threatened to disrupt the choral organization. The announcement of the orchestra is made in the following terms: "Experience has shown that it is impossible for any choral society having a concert season of its own to be able to do the work which the Orchestral Association requires—that is, in addition to the arduous work made necessary by their own concerts. The trustees have therefore decided to organize a chorus of male and female voices in immediate connection with the orchestra, and have engaged Mr. Arthur Mees to drill and conduct it." That such a chorus will prove a valuable aid to the work of the orchestra is beyond question, for it will make possible adequate performances of a whole range of important compositions that have hitherto been passed by for lack of the necessary vocal forces.

Public attention has lately been called, in what Governor Altgeld must regard as a very inconsiderate way, to the fact that he insists upon a gold clause in the leases of all offices in the Unity Building. This building is owned by a stock company, of which Governor Altgeld is the president and chief stockholder. His private secretary has recently tried to explain the matter in a letter addressed to a too inquisitive correspondent. The defence is, first, that the Governor does not personally attend to the making of leases; second, that the leases used are executed upon a blank form regularly sold by stationers in Chicago; third, that the Governor has probably never read the form from beginning to end; and, fourth, that the building was erected with borrowed money, for which bonds were issued, and that the wicked capitalists who bought them insisted that rents should be secured by a gold clause. And now, when Altgeld, the champion of "stricken silver," is forced to these logical shifts in explanation of his hard-money leases, Altgeld the friend of the laboring-man is made the subject of a flank attack from the painters employed at the Kankakee Insane Asylum. They claim that they have been forced to work ten hours a day at the rate of twenty cents per hour, while the State law provides for an eight-hour day, and the union scale of wages for painters is thirty-two and one-half cents per hour. This complaint was drawn up in the shape of a letter to the Governor, but its only result seems to have been that the men who signed it were "laid off," on the plea that "the painting fund was exhausted," while insult was added to injury by setting some of the insane patients to do the work. A few more explanations seem now to be in order.

A novelty in the shape of an open-air play is being arranged for production at Starved Rock, on the Illinois River, the latter part of August. Mr. Merker, a German journalist, has dramatized the history of this famous place—which Mrs. Catherwood has also taken for the subject of her charming romance, *The Story of Tonti*—and the performance will take place upon the very spot which was consecrated by the heroism of two hundred years ago. There will be Indians and fighting, and a love-story and historically accurate costumes—at least, all these things are promised by the promoters of the enterprise. The whole plan is one that appeals strongly to the imagination, and it is to be hoped that so happy a thought will find the support that it deserves. W. M. P.

BOSTON.

THERE have appeared, the past week, from humble sources, certain spontaneous tributes to the memory of Governor Russell more eloquent than any that were pronounced by the press or the pulpit. At a meeting of colored men, held in Boston, the chief speaker declared that Governor Russell did more for the colored people while he was in office than any other Massachusetts Governor since the war, although, with one or two exceptions, all the Governors during that time were Republicans. He mentioned especially that Governor Russell procured the first appointment of colored men to the police force, stopped race distinction at the skating-rinks, and obtained drill-halls for the colored militia. A meeting of negroes in memory of Governor Russell, at which a eulogy will be delivered by one of their number, is to be held in Boston on September 15.

Still more impressive is the story related in one of the Boston papers by a correspondent who came in collision with Mr. Russell in the course of a committee hearing at the State-house. This occurred after Mr. Russell had ceased to be Governor, and when, as counsel for some interested party, he appeared to argue the question involved and to cross-examine the witnesses whom his clients were opposing. The correspondent was one of these witnesses, and, for once, he says, Mr. Russell seemed to lose his temper, and cross-examined him somewhat roughly. But, he relates, he had scarcely regained his office after the hearing, when Mr. Russell came in, frankly and fully acknowledged his fault, and asked pardon for it. This act must have been purely disinterested. It showed Governor Russell to be a man essentially just, and it will be more dear to the memory of his children than the story of his success as orator or magistrate.

"Count Zabof," who came to a tragic end in New York last week, was for several years, until the past winter, a rather notorious person in Boston. He began by becoming intimate with purely literary and journalistic persons, and thence he rose, or sank, to familiarity with a certain semi-literary, semi-fashionable set, the members of which have aroused the pity of all charitable persons by their frantic but unsuccessful efforts to become bohemian. During his residence in Boston the Count was supposed to be portrayed as the leading character in a novel written by Mr. Edward Fuller, formerly the excellent dramatic critic of the Boston *Post*, and now connected with the Providence *Journal*. Oddly enough, Mr. Fuller represented the character as committing suicide; and this ending was criticised by some reviewers of the book as being unnatural. The event, however, proved the accuracy of Mr. Fuller's analysis; and the circumstances that preceded and attended the "Count's" death have fully carried out the conception which was described in the novel. The "Count" was a mild, unhappy-looking man, who seemed to have been born with both his moral and mental nature somewhat askew. Let us hope that he will get straightened out in another and happier state of being. H. C. M.

NEW ORLEANS.

MR. B. W. MARSTEN, who did the comedy business at the late Chicago Convention by drinking anywhere from ten to eighteen glasses of water in the presence of the howling audience of twenty thousand persons who would not allow him to speak, is likely to gain some substantial advantage from the ridicule heaped on him. Mr. Marsten's picture was published in the various papers as "the Louisiana Water-tank," and he now seems to be in universal demand in consequence. One of the largest and best-known mineral-springs companies in this country, which claims to have supplied the water used at the Chicago Convention, has written to Mr. Marsten to secure a certificate from him that the reason why he drank those eighteen glasses of water credited to him was because he found it the best drinking water he had ever used. There are other rival mineral-water companies after him, however, who believe that his endorsement of their product would be the best advertisement they could get. Moreover, the water-drinking episode promises to land him in Congress. Mr. Marsten was not dreamed of as a political candidate before the Chicago Convention, having very little political influence, but he has since come out for Congress, and has taken the stump, and is meeting with remarkable success. His district is strongly "Prohibition," as well as for free silver, and Marsten's water record is doing him as much good as his financial position. In every Marsten meeting so far held he has been greeted with shouts of "Water! water!" and Prohibition hymns are sung. Mr. Marsten has become the hero of both the silver men and Prohibitionists, with every prospect of going to Congress on these issues of water and silver. N. W.

SAN FRANCISCO.

THE mania for "cornering" wheat seems to be contagious in California. Nearly every season sees a new scheme adopted, though the great majority of the men who have indulged in this speculation paid dearly for their experience. The latest plan is that of millionaire George W. McNear, who has secured control of all the large warehouses in the State, and who expects to get the lion's share of this year's wheat crop for shipment. The value of large, well-built warehouses may be appreciated when it is said that no elevators are in use here, and all wheat is shipped in sacks made of East Indian jute. McNear's coup recalls two famous and disastrous wheat corners of recent years. The first was planned by the late Bonanza mining millionaire Flood, who attempted to control the wheat crop of this coast, involved his partner Mackay, and caused a loss of $10,000,000. Old Senator Fair came to the aid of his former partners, and only a few years later he actually entered upon a similar speculation, which cost his estate nearly $2,000,000. Fair counted on a great European shortage of wheat, and his agents bought wheat here at prices far above the Chicago quotations. He filled all the big warehouses, and this enormous accumulation of wheat was not sold until after his death. Only then was it known that he was the real backer of this great deal. G. H. F.

THE SPANISH SOLDIER.

BY THOMAS R. DAWLEY, JUN.

ALTHOUGH the soldier whom Spain sends out to fight in Cuba is spoken of as a conscript, the term is not strictly applicable to him. Conscription signifies the compulsory enrolment of men for military service. Thus, if a man by draft or lot be forced into the service, he is a conscript. But the Spanish soldier, it may be said, is born for the service, and it is only by draft or lot that he escapes it. The laws of Spain require every youth to become a soldier. He is registered at birth, and his name put in the poll-book, and at the age of seventeen any control exercised over him by his parents ceases, and he passes to the service of his king. Thus he is born into the world the king's own, and grows up looking forward to the time when he is to leave his paternal roof and dedicate his time and strength to the service of his country. To this there are only a few exceptions.

The Spanish soldier in Cuba becomes a different fellow from the Spanish soldier in Spain. In Spain he wears better clothes than in Cuba. In Spain he can march pretty well, manœuvre a little, and show himself off to his best advantage. Although he is not taught to read or write, if he should happen to possess these accomplishments, it qualifies him to become a corporal, or even a sergeant. In some districts of Spain even this accomplishment is so rare that qualified corporals are not easily found. The regular soldier comes to Cuba a raw recruit, with no other training than that which he may have received from his home surroundings. He can neither march, shoot, nor answer the various bugle-calls. In Spain he wears broadcloth; in Cuba he is dressed in cotton jeans. On the other hand, he gets much more to eat in Cuba than in Spain. I have heard it said in Spain (by the Spaniards themselves) that a Frenchman could barely exist upon the rations allowed a Spanish soldier, whereas an Englishman would starve to death. This ration consists of a weak coffee or its substitute in the morning. About ten o'clock breakfast is served—a small bit of bread and a saucer of stewed beans and vegetables. This stew and bread is repeated in the afternoon, and is called dinner. The soldier rarely sees any meat, although a very small amount is supposed to furnish a portion of his stew. I have been told that some of the youths belonging to the better families find this diet insufficient upon entering the service, and they often find themselves obliged to call upon their families for aid, either from their kitchens or their purses. But in Cuba the soldier finds plenty of beef to eat. In Cuba he is allowed greater liberties, and he soon learns to become a much more independent and self-reliant person than the humble private in Spain. In his own country he is allowed two cents a day for spending-money. In Cuba he is to get four dollars of the sixteen dollars per month, which is his scheduled pay while he is in campaign. If you ask an intelligent soldier why he does not get the sixteen dollars, he may be able to make some kind of calculation showing that a certain amount is taken to pay for his three-dollar uniform, while perhaps a much larger sum is required for his nice suit which he is supposed to put on when he goes back to Spain; then (I think) it is six dollars which is taken to pay for his "rancho," or his rations, and so on. I have had them explain it to me a number of times. I have also heard some soldiers state that the sixteen dollars diminished by some sort of juggling process in the hands of their subalterns, until it had dwindled into the small sum of four dollars by the time they got it.

The small amount of food which the soldier is accustomed to consume in Spain is not at all detrimental to his health, but, on the contrary, prepares him for a greater amount of suffering and hardship in case of need, which was shown in General Prim's campaign in Africa, when, after being hemmed in by the Moors, his supplies cut off, and his troops standing a siege which would have been sufficient to destroy an Anglo-Saxon army, he cut his way through the enemy's ranks and won a victory.

In an interview printed in the daily papers I have been made to say that "Spanish soldiers were the greatest lot of cowards I ever saw." This was added, I suppose, as a natural inference to a remark which I did make to the effect that I thought any of General Weyler's fortified places might be taken with a few dollars' worth of fireworks. This remark was not made because I considered the Spanish soldier a coward. Because a man may be easily frightened it does not always follow that he is a coward. Nor is it always necessary to kill your enemy in order to win a battle. Human nature is about the same in Spain and Cuba as elsewhere, although characteristics differ. I have seen individual countrymen of my own who are just as great cowards as, if not greater cowards than, any of the Spaniards whom I have met. There are races of mankind which have distinctively what is known as fighting blood in their veins. These men are generally considered brave. But the Latins are not a race of fighters. The Celt likes to fight, but the Spaniard does not. He only fights from necessity.

The Spanish soldier is credulous. He is easily "bulldozed." It does not take a great amount of intelligence, tact, or even blundering to impose upon him. The story of the explosive bullets is an illustration of this. These bullets were reported as being used by the insurgents, and no amount of evidence will now convince the soldier in Cuba that he is not to be shot at by explosive bullets.

My attention was first called to these bullets at San Juan de los Yeras, where it was claimed that the insurgents used them in their attack upon that place. I made inquiry of the Spanish officials concerning them, and as the local comandante explained to me how they went off in the air, I concluded from his description that the insurgents might have hit upon the scheme of using sky-rockets to help spread terror through the ranks of their enemy.

As I did not succeed in getting through the lines at San Juan, I was unable to confirm this suspicion. Not until the action of Cacarajicara did the story of the explosive bullets receive general comment and public attention. In this action the Spanish losses were considerable, to account for which the explosive-bullet story received general credence. Then came the cry that explosive bullets were prohibited by the rules of some European convention regulating modern warfare, and a dozen other ridiculous stories were circulated, while the Spanish press cried out against the savagery of their enemies. A medical examiner was appointed by General Weyler to study the wounds made by these supposed explosive bullets,

and a commission was appointed to investigate, with the intention, I believe, of calling the attention of the entire civilized world to the rebels' barbarous mode of warfare. One citizen, who secretly wished to espouse the Cuban cause, an expert on arms and ammunition, presented himself before the commission with an elephant gun, which he said was the only arm that carried an explosive bullet. He demonstrated that such a weapon, upon its charge hitting a soldier, would blow his head off, and consequently give the medical experts but a slim chance of examining any wound made by it. He also demonstrated that it would not only be a very awkward gun for a soldier to carry, but impracticable for an army. Besides, it would be more advantageous for the enemy to wound a man than to blow him up, for it would take two or three men to care for a wounded man, while a blown up one would need no care. Then the commission suddenly disappeared from public view, and the press remained silent upon the topic of explosive bullets. The story was evidently as foolish as the one printed about the same time in a New York daily illustrating a brass-capped bullet, which, it was claimed, was poisoned, and had been introduced into the army by "Butcher" Weyler for the purpose of breeding greater death and destruction in the enemy's ranks. But the explosive-bullet story had an effect other than that of calumniating the rebels. It was like the boomerang that returns and hits the thrower. It made the soldier believe that he was to be shot at by explosive bullets, which he now dreads more than the machete of Quintin Banderas's negroes.

A TYPE OF THE STANDING ARMY THAT SPAIN KEEPS IN CUBA (GUARDIA CIVIL).

While I was in the rebel camp near Cacarajicara, an officer said to me, "What do you think about the story of the explosive bullets?"

"That is just what I want to ask you about," I replied.

"Well," said he, as his men began laughing, "we have no other explosive bullets than those captured from the Spaniards. It is the Remington reformed," and he held up one of the brass-covered cartridges which had been represented in the New York paper as carrying the poisoned bullet of the Spaniards. The men laughed heartily as I examined a pouch of these bullets handed to me by the rebel major. These bullets, coming in contact with a hard body, "mushroom," splitting the brass, causing a very ugly wound.

Just before I left Havana I received a letter from a friend, bearing the date of June 21, in which was this statement. "Night before last we were fired upon (by the insurgents), and plenty of explosive bullets were used." This shows how the explosive bullets are still believed in.

To determine exactly what cowardice consists of is not altogether an easy task. A man may be frightened, yet not be a coward. I think the story of two officers under Napoleon is a good illustration of this. They were about to go into battle, when one officer, gay and fearless, said to his brother officer:

"Why, I really believe you are frightened! You are pale and trembling."

"Yes, I am frightened," was the frank reply.

"Why, I didn't think you were such a coward!" said the fearless officer.

"Coward! I am no coward," replied the other. "I admit that I am afraid; and if you were half as afraid as I am, you would run away; but I am going to fight and do my duty."

Was not the man who was going into the fight with fear and trembling braver than he who knew no fear? I think he was.

A VOLUNTEER.

I have seen a Spanish soldier under fire throw down his Mauser, and himself on top of it, while his companion at his side stood up, faced the music, and fired. I was very close to these two soldiers—so close that, thinking the one on the ground either killed or wounded, I kicked him with my toe, while I could have touched the other with my hand. I looked at each of them carefully, and I think that one was just as badly frightened as the other; but the one who stood up and fought, no matter how badly, could not be called a coward.

SPANISH CORPORAL AFTER HE HAS SEEN SERVICE IN CUBA.

In the campaign now being carried on in Cuba there figure three distinctive types of the Spanish soldier. First, there are the regulars, made up for the most part of those who come into the king's service at the age of seventeen. Second, the Guardia Civil, or civil guard, which is an organization something after the French gendarme service; and then the different organizations of guerillas.

Besides these may be added the various companies of volunteers and firemen, who do garrison duty at home, but seldom go into action. The volunteers are made up principally of young Spaniards who come to Cuba as colonists, and by special act are exempt from regular service in Spain on the condition that they become volunteers in Cuba.

The firemen are organized under some sort of military discipline, and are supposed to lend their services as soldiers in case of need, as well as extinguishers of fires. They are chiefly Cubans, and if I should happen to speak of them as a travesty upon the soldier, I trust none of my Cuban friends will take any offence, for, as in other things, there is some reason for this, especially just now, when the majority of Cubans are enemies to Spanish rule.

A SPANISH GUERILLERO.

Spain's pride is in her Guardia Civil. This force was organized some fifty years ago in Spain to do rural police duty, put down smugglers and brigands. It consists of picked men selected from all parts of Spain, to whom the term "most honorable body" is applied. In Spain its members are dressed in black broadcloth and wear patent-leather hats. You will always find a couple of them, like twin brothers, on the railroad train, at the stations, or travelling on the roads afoot or with the stage-coaches. They always go in pairs, and they have proved themselves most effectual in putting down brigandage in Spain; for upon seeing a suspicious person it is only necessary for them to cry halt and then shoot. Their acts are beyond question, for the members of the "honorable body" to which they belong are deemed infallible. A citizen stands as little chance in complaining of their acts as he might stand in a complaint made against the king. But in their own country they are not bad fellows.

In Cuba these "guardias" wear a blue uniform of cotton trimmed with red cloth. Their hats are drab felt with white binding, and the Spanish rosette on one side. The bugle-blower is distinguished by having his hat trimmed with red instead of white. In times of peace the individuals of this organization have been the principal cause of the atrocities complained of by the Cuban peasant. It is a case of giving to a not over-intelligent man absolute power over a people whom he thinks his inferiors. I have listened to many a tale of homes being broken up, suffering and cruelty caused by the despotic power wielded by a pair of these guards who were supposed to be doing police duty in the island of Cuba. Owing to this despotism, more than one Cuban youth has taken to the woods and become a bandit.

A SPANISH SOLDIER UPON HIS ARRIVAL IN CUBA.

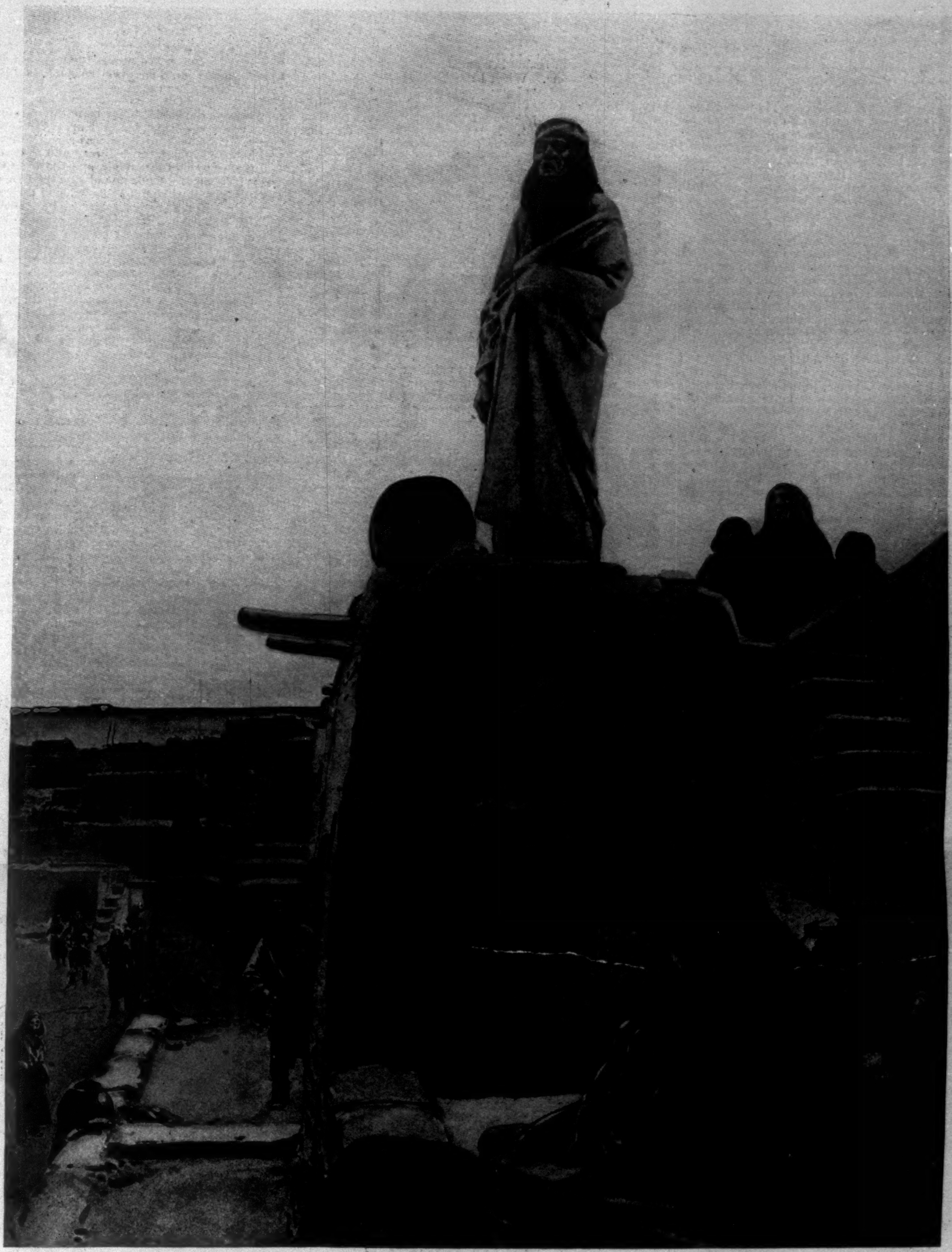
Of all the troops now operating in Cuba the guerilleros are the worst. These fellows are made up of anything that comes along. They are given a horse and saddle, a carbine and a machete, and are then turned loose to make war upon the enemy. The majority of them are Spanish born, but brought up in the island. In some cases they are made up of Cuban negroes and renegades. They are captained by men of their own stamp, there having come under my own observation men in command of the guerilla forces who bore the vilest character, and who had been exiled from Spain for crimes committed there. I have known of cases where these men cut off the ears of their victims and carried them in their pockets as a joke. Often the insurgents fear them more than the regular soldiers, for the majority of them, having lived a long time in the island, are well acquainted with the country, and their bushwhacking tactics are similar to those adopted by the rebels.

The best class of men which Spain has under arms in the island of Cuba are the recruits, or regular soldiers. The majority of these are country boys direct from their homes, and although beardless youths, there is the advantage that they are ready to receive a military education, and it only depends upon the officers to turn them into the best soldiers of the world. But this is the great difficulty. Spain has not the masters. It only remains for Spain to procure good disciplinarians, who would give more attention to their duties as officers than to "wine, woman, and song," for her to have an army that she could be proud of. Although densely ignorant, her boys are patient, willing, and obedient.

From what I have seen of the Spanish soldier under fire or in action, I judge that he would do more execution with an old-fashioned musket than he now does with his modern Mauser; for then, while he would be loading, he would have a chance to think that he was putting a bullet into his gun for the purpose of hitting something. As it is, he pumps the silver-plated bullets out of his magazine without stopping until he has cut all the leaves off the trees in the neighborhood.

Spain has neglected the education of her children too long. While her civilization has remained stationary for the past two centuries, her ministers expect to buy modern civilization and arms as they have bought and sold nearly everything else—with Spanish gold. They may buy arms, but not brains.

A SECOND LIEUTENANT OF THE REGULAR ARMY.



HOÑI, THE TALKING CHIEF, ANNOUNCING THE SNAKE-DANCE SIXTEEN DAYS BEFORE ITS OCCURRENCE.

AMONG THE MOKI INDIANS.

BY HAMLIN GARLAND.—ILLUSTRATED BY FERNAND HARVEY LUNGREN.

IMAGINE a wide land, a magnificent sky, a land lonely as the sky, spotted with cedars, and green and gray with sage-brush, soap-weed, and scant grass; a land which is a high plateau, in which ancient waters have cut deep wide valleys with precipitous sides; a mysterious, lonely, empty land, like the Bad Lands of Dakota, in which no sign of life can be detected. This is the land of the Hopituh or Moki Indians—"The most ancient province of Tusayan."

I entered it at sundown. To the west and south, on the rocky points of mesas, which stood like promontories out into the misty valley, certain regular rocklike piles could be seen. These forms, seemingly of the rock itself, were the pueblos of the Moki Indians. These cities, which secrete themselves, like turtles on the bare rock, by adaptation of color and form, are the homes of two thousand people.

It came upon me with great power, the thought that for three hundred and fifty years there had lived here, as on an island in untraversable seas, a race of people, subsisting by their own labor, knowing nothing of the world, shut close upon their island of rock by the Utes on the north, the Navajos on the east, the Spaniards to the south, and cut off by cañons of terrible depth to the west.

It is this isolation, enforced and complete, which now makes the villages of Walpi and Oraibi so interesting to the archæologist, for they have preserved traditions and customs of enormous antiquity, little influenced as yet by the great nation of which they are an unknowing part. They were here when Columbus set sail from Spain. Coronado saw them in 1540, and left them to their desert. They were here in 1776, fighting their own battles. They were watching the Navajos and the Utes while Lincoln was meditating the freeing of the negro, and the American flag was unknown to them.

To reach them to-day is to cross more than one hundred miles of dry plain, beaten to quivering heat by the sun—a region of dry rivers and scanty grass. I felt everywhere the absence of water, and felt it with double thirstiness for the reason that I was but just down from the green and purple mountains of Colorado, where the grass grew thick and sweet to the highest peaks, and rills of cold sweet water foamed in every cañon.

I looked across the wide valley, at those promontories on which these ancient villages stand, unable readily to believe they existed. At a distance of six miles they seemed still without sign of life. A Navajo war party might easily pass them by, so perfectly do their flat, mud-colored buildings impersonate huge stacks of sandstone. In the valley we soon came upon fields of corn set waist deep in sand (or in water)—poor, pathetic little fields, watched by an old man beneath a shade of cedar boughs, and surrounded by scarecrows.

It seemed hard to see corn, short and scant for lack of rain, suddenly submerged by a flood; but such are the implacable moods of this land. The sky was magnificent, the wind cool, but the sun fell with terrible power upon the sand, withering everything but the sage-brush and the grease-wood.

As we came nearer, three distinct villages appeared upon the lofty mesa. At the right of the last village, and cutting deep into the mesa's backbone, was a chasm, which manifestly strengthened the position of the towns. It took fear of man to set these homes upon that bare sunsmit mesa, and they were glad of the chasm, which widened year by year, making the coming of the Ute and Navajo ever more difficult.

At the foot of the mesa we came upon many little adobe houses with red roofs. They were the houses given by the government to entice the Mokis down from the rocks. Around these cabins were melon-patches and many peach-trees, also knee-deep in sand, which drifts there like snow.

The trail rose rapidly—merely a foot-path. The cliffs became precipitous; enormous bowlders broken from the mesa's walls lay beside the way. Below were little sheep corrals of stone looking like pools of dark water.

Suddenly I came upon the village of Ha-no. First a rush of wolfish dogs, next a group of naked brown babies, then a woman with a child slung at her back in a shawl, and a maiden with huge rolls of hair above her ears. Then a youth in American trousers, who called to me, "This way—my home." He was our guide.

I turned into a narrow way between adobe walls, which led to a door in another wall, and I was "at home" in a Moki village.

The brown boy said, "My mother, my sister."

Two women met me. Little Quang, so Japanese you could not believe her to be Indian; her hair combed into great whorls at the side, her eyes black as melon seeds, her hands slender, her naked feet small and brown. The mother, with her hair falling over her face, with gown of coarse blue cloth belted with a wide red belt and covered with a white over-blanket, equally strange.

They did not speak, but they smiled their greeting in good full terms of white teeth.

I entered the house, which was on the ground-floor, and which consisted of one long room and a loft. In the left-hand corner was a pretty fireplace; in the other, three bins for grinding meal. At one stone a handsome young woman in Tewan (Tay-won) costume was working. In the middle of the room sat a stove. In the left wall two small windows and one large one filled the room with light. The whole room was freshly whitewashed, and looked very habitable—with this exception, there were no tables, no chairs, and very few pieces of kitchen-ware.

I looked out of the window upon the little plaza. Behold a strange America! In the centre of the plaza was a pool of water. In this pool a dozen comical little brown babies were paddling like ducks. Under the shade of adobe walls women with bare feet and bare arms, their bodies draped in scant gowns, were baking pottery or making bread. On the flat roofs other women, robed in green and black and purple, were moving about. A man in blue and pink, belted with a string of huge silver disks, was unloading an enormous dead wild-cat from behind his saddle, his pony waiting with bowed head. A peculiar smell was in the air.

The little ones, seeing a strange face, cried, "Pa-ha-no!" (white man), and came running up—lithe little boys with thick, bristling black hair, and fat pot-bellied little girls, with equally black hair, and equally unabashed nudity. Their coloring was of warm bronze. Dripping with water, they glistened like otters, and all stared shrewdly, not stupidly, and eventually (as nothing happened) went back to bob and bubble in the muddy pool.

Little Quang was about fourteen, and was a maid, as the whorls of her shining hair testified. Hèli was the house-owner, and was about forty-five—a straight, active, and pleasant-voiced woman. Percy and Quang had been to school, and could talk a little English. Hèli knew no word of English, but she seemed to be proud of the attainments of her children."

I went out into the street, along the edge of the lofty cliff, which we at once called the "lake-front." It swarmed with merry, nude children, quaintly dressed maidens, old men in shirt and trousers merely, younger men in American trousers slit to the knee, and young fellows with bare heads and wearing necklaces of turquoise, and with fillets of red or green circling their black hair. There was much laughter and chaffing. The voices were all pleasant, with a decidedly Chinese inflection. The Mongolian type was very common.

They all smiled at my salutation, "How-dy-do?" with the word "Lolla-mai," which means "good," "very well," "how are you?" and some other things. The house doors were open, and I could see the women grinding corn and stewing pots at the fireplace. On the roofs the young women took care of the babes and gossiped with their neighbors.

Back at Hèli's house we sat down flat on the floor to eat our supper, which consisted of tea, flat corn cakes (tough and heavy, but also sweet and nutritious), and small bits of fried mutton.

On the white walls hung dolls made in the image of the gods of rain and thunder. From the ceiling hung prayer emblems made of feathers and bits of cottonwood. In the corner two old women were rubbing a flat stone up and down a slanting granite slab, grinding meal. A young man, with shining black hair bound with a fillet of green, looked in at the window to see the *pahanos*, and a naked boy stood in the door.

I spread my blankets on the floor that night, for beds are not common in Ha-no.

Darkness came early, for these people use little oil. Hèli pattered about in her bare feet, coming and going from loft to cellarway; the door to the cellar was an incredibly small space for a grown person to enter; a mere cat-hole it looked.

She hunted up a lamp somewhere in the town and placed it near me, and went over to her grinding slab in the corner. Preparations for bed under such circumstances were simple, and when my blankets were ready I placed the lamp near her and went to my blankets. She worked on busily. Her short black hair fell over her eyes, as she scrubbed with monotonous motion, keeping time to a low song.

I found the sound of the stone soothing, and fell asleep listening to it, and to the low song with which she cheered her long, hard task.

It was an unforgettable event to go to sleep here on the floor of a Ha-no house, with mysterious blanketed people passing the open door, with a woman grinding corn with a stone upon a slab, singing a mystic chant. Just under my open window a family of six laid itself to sleep, after much frolicking among the children. On the roof others were moving about, spreading blankets for their beds.

It takes a strong and very specific purpose to bring a city dweller to such a place. My own motive was the desire to see these people perform "the snake-dance." Once in two years they are said to set aside about fifty of their number to perform a strange and complicated ceremony, which lasts ten days, culminating in a public dance, wherein snakes are handled and carried in the mouths of the priests. Each year four days were set aside for the snake hunt, and the second day's hunt was in progress when I arrived.

I was awakened the next morning by the movement of Hèli as she came in. It was not yet light, but she placed her bowl of corn beside her and began work again upon the grinding-stone. When I awoke again it was sunrise, and the Snake-priests had passed to their hunt.

After a breakfast of bread and mutton and coffee, without butter, milk, or potatoes, I went out to see Walpi under the morning light. Every one was astir. The men were riding down into the fields in every direction but one, the world quarter in which the snake hunt was in progress. All work was prohibited there, and I was told I would "swell up and burst" if I went to watch the Snake-men catching snakes.

It so happened that Dr. Fewkes was excavating in the very world quarter in which the hunt took place, and while visiting him I saw the Snake-men at their work. The doctor had suspended work out of respect to the priests, whom he knew, and no citizen of Walpi was at work in the fields. Every one was on the lookout for the snake-hunters.

That they were coming we were made sure of by the nervous action of the Moki boys. They stared with round eyes in the direction of the mesa, and refused to go for water even upon stern command of the cook, whose iconoclasm astonished them.

"*The Snake-man!*" cried one, pointing at a slim brown figure which had suddenly silently appeared among the grease-wood. It was a Snake-priest, naked, with the exception of a breech-clout and moccasins. He carried a little bag in one hand, along with his snake-whip, which is composed of two forked eagle feathers tied to a short stick. He carried also a pike or hoe with which to dig out the snake.

Soon other black heads appeared above the hill, and other slim, graceful, brown-bodied men were grouped among the grease-wood clumps. The brown bodies glowed like bronze in the sun, and the float of the eagle feathers, and the lines of their staves against the sky was very fine indeed, primitive, and of the unploughed spaces.

They were trailing a snake, and their erect bodies and bent, intent heads were both alert and graceful. Every two years this four-day hunt takes place, and from sixty to a hundred snakes are gathered in to take part in the ceremony, because in the principal myth of their history it is said that "the elder children of the Snake-woman," wife of "Tee-yo" (the snake hero) were metamorphosed into snakes.

When they find a snake, Dr. Fewkes told me, they say "Elder brother," and the snake replies, "My younger brother." They have never allowed Dr. Fewkes to see the ceremony over the snake in the field, but they have told him that after the greetings they sprinkle corn meal upon the snake's head, and then put him in the little bag which they carry in their hands. They fold up a rattlesnake like a ribbon. They are, for the time, not snakes, but elder brothers, called in to take part in the great drama of the Snake Myth.

Back in the three villages of Ha-no, Si-Chom-avi, and Walpi the women were plastering the walls with thin mortar of clay, which they spread on with their hands. They all smiled pleasantly as we passed. We called "Lolla-mai," the only word we knew, and they smiled back with pleasant show of teeth.

It was startling to see the naked little imps of children playing on pinnacles of rock on the very edge of the cliff. A white mother would have died of terror to think of her child walking along the path, while these little creatures ran wild as goats over the entire "island" (as we called it). One little fellow, slender and graceful as a fairy, stood balanced on a rock which overhung the sheer cliff; seeing us look at him, he stood on one leg and gleefully clapped his hands.

It is said that a Navajo fell off the cliff once and was killed, and we passed by a little stick with attached eagle feathers set in the rock at a point where a Moki child fell and was badly injured. These were the only accidents we heard of. Generations of life on these dangerous heights have produced children with the fearlessness and certainty of action of acrobats or wild-cats.

The babes climb up the ladders before they can walk, and the dogs and chickens follow them. The copings of the walls of the lower houses reach to the upper chambers, and the babes come and go on these perilous stairways.

The mesa of Walpi is a bare promontory of rock, which narrows to barely twenty feet in width between the middle village and Walpi proper. The feet of thousands of men and women, dead and absolutely forgotten, have worn deep paths into the bleak, wind-swept rock. For hundreds of years all water used in these villages has been carried by complaining, grieving old women up the steep trail from "Kanilba spring," and others less accessible.

There are three villages upon this rocky height—Walpi (most ancient), Si-Chom-avi, and Ha-no. The first two villages are Ho-pi (Hopee), "Peaceful people" (they never call themselves "Moki"). They speak the same language, but Ha-no, the village nearest the trail, is Tewan, and its people speak the language of the Rio Grande pueblos. Polaka, the leading citizen, told me how they came to be there:

"My people came from the East. Ho-pee say: 'You stay here'; allee time keep trail; fight. Navajo no come, Ute no come. We give you land, we glad you here!"

So for many, many years Ha-no has kept the trail. They speak the Ho-pi tongue now, but they keep up their own language, and their women dress like the women of Isleta and Acoma. They are also more progressive, readier to take on the white man's manners and ideas. They wear more of the white man's clothing, and more of them go down to live in houses on the plain.

Some of the leading men of Ha-no look upon the Snake ceremony with a sneer, but mainly the Ha-no people, and even the Navajos look upon it with respect, and many come long distances to see it.

The second day of my stay in Ha-no was the sixth day of the ceremony, and the fourth and last of the snake hunt, and I was determined to see the Snake-priests come in. I stationed myself on the eastern edge of the mesa, and searched the "world quarter" from whence they were to come. It was after five o'clock before I perceived the first one of the returning priests. He was far on the main mesa, outlined on the sky like a minute brown pin. Down on the plain soon others appeared, small as ants, now seen, now lost behind the rocks. Mysteriously, silently, a score had appeared, and were centring slowly and through devious paths toward the trail.

In the village there was suppressed excitement. The roofs grew thick with people. The word passed along, "The Snake-men are coming!" I hurried back to the narrow point between Walpi and the middle village in order that the men should pass very near me. I wished to study their faces at close range.

Soon they came, a red-brown slow serpent, winding slowly over the trail. They were thirty-three in number. They came in silence, led by Kopeli, the handsome high-priest. His beautiful body was a splendid thing to see, and his handsome face was grave and reserved. They all had a serious and intent air, and the old men were very weary. Their feet made no noise on the bare rocks. Their naked limbs glowed and glistened, and their splendid hair flowed in dark masses down their backs. All carried snakes in little buckskin bags, which they held in their right hands. The snakes made no noise. As they passed, the people all fell silent, out of respect for the hunters and their great office. At the kiva of the Snakes they laid down their sticks and hoes, and retaining the snake-whips and snake-scrips, disappeared one by one into the cistern-like chamber. It was just sundown; the wearisome hunt for snakes was over for two years—one day to the north, one to west, one to the south, and this to east.

As I stood watching them enter the kiva an old man on one of the roofs suddenly rose and stood against the sky, and began to call, in a measured voice like a New England town-crier, words which meant: "Let all the people of Walpi listen. The Americans are coming to the snake-dance, therefore sweep and clean out the dirt, that we may not be ashamed. The snake-dance is now but three days off. Let everybody prepare."

All along the street of the cliff young women were already raising a dust. The men were returning from the fields with burros laden with juniper branches, and also with corn and meat. Old women were toiling slowly up the paths with wood or water on their backs.

As I turned and looked back upon Walpi it was like some city at the end of the world. Out of the narrow, rocky ridge it rose in square piles, bristling with long ladders and peopled with dim alien figures. A purple mist was between it and me; beyond it a sunset sky, built of orange and flame-colored clouds, glowed with dull diffused fire. The great dim shapes of the San Francisco Mountains rose in the west, shadowy, blue, and soft, and over them Venus burned in sudden light.

The town looked time-worn and steadfast as the cliff itself, and as strange as the shadowed side of the moon. In no other place could the mystic rites of the Snake service be. Here it all seemed fitting and proper.

We ate our supper again upon the floor, and then we sat in the plaza, while the light went out in the sky, and the people came out upon the roofs, bringing their blankets to make their beds. The air was soft and cool, without being chill, and in the sky the stars thickened. The soft laughter of girls, the romping of children, continued until nine o'clock; then all voices ceased. Save the dogs'! The dogs—there were millions of them. They tore the air to shreds with their sharp wolfish yelping and howling. Just as the sweet silence was sending us off into sleep, some wakeful pup imagined he smelled a white man, and his yelp brought millions and other millions of yapping whelps to cry out and circle about the plaza before our window. They wore out at last, and sleep came.

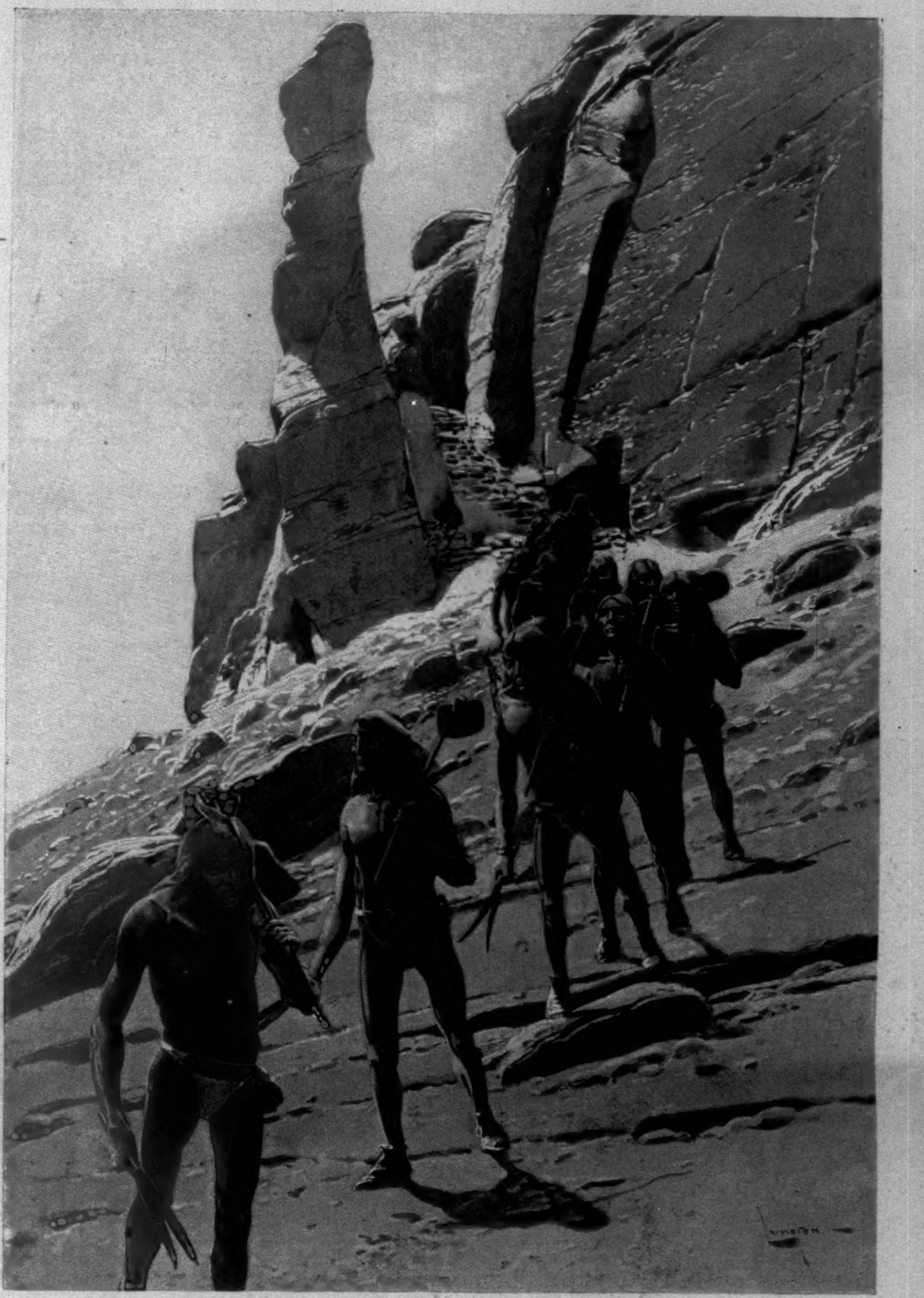
In the white-yellow dawn I heard a clear cry four times repeated. It was the crier in Walpi announcing the Antelope race, which was to take place at sunrise on the east side of the mesa. I dressed hurriedly, and reached the cliff edge in time to see the brown runners start from a point far down in the dim valley and come up the trail to the kiva. Then I went back to a breakfast of bacon and coffee and bread, which I ate on the floor in company with the sculptor and the painter. The village was still quite free from white people, for the dance at the sacred rock was still three days away.

Meanwhile, in the secret underground chambers, mysterious and solemn rites were being carried forward. An emblematic altar was being drawn in colored sand upon the floor of the kiva—a series of intricate symbols which set forth the fundamentals of their religious ideas, and in the Chamber of the Antelopes the story of Tiyo, the tribal Siegfried, was being dramatized. One of the most mysterious of these ceremonies is the dance of the Bear-man, to the accompaniment of a swift, strong chorus. This takes place with the Antelopes as spectators, and is an impressive and splendid grouping of the devout priests. Of its meaning little is known.

Dr. Fewkes thus describes it. "Kopeli sat at one side of the room, muffled in a Navajo blanket, over which was thrown a white buckskin. For some time all present preserved the most profound silence, the Snake-priests holding their whips in a vertical position. Kopeli said a short prayer, after which the rattles were taken up, and for a few moments nothing was heard but the noise of these instruments. As this continued all began to sing, at first in a low mumble, then the voices increased in volume, until they broke into a wild song.

"Wiki, who sat near the entrance to the dressing-room, threw a pinch of meal across the floor to indicate a pathway for the strange actor, who immediately emerged from behind the screen. . . . He hobbled into the room, assuming a squatting posture, and swaying back and forth like a bear on its hind legs. He wore a great bunch of red feathers on his head and smaller tufts on his shoulders, and his face was covered with paint. . . . He went up to Kopeli in a squatting posture and drew a vine-stalk from under the Snake-chief's blanket. He then went from one to another of the novices, thrusting the stalk in their faces. The wild song continued while he danced back toward the screen and disappeared. He appeared a second time with almost the same actions, save that he drew from beneath Kopeli's blanket a live snake." During all this time Kopeli sat like a statue, silent and motionless.

In the story of Tiyo, its adventurous youth, is found the reason for the use of snakes in the ceremony. Tiyo (so the tale runs) was a wonderful young hunter, who long ago went down the Grand Cañon of the Colorado to the ocean in order to see where the waters ran to. His going was sad and wonderful, his return triumphant. Therefore he is remembered by his people as the Saxons remembered Beowulf. In his long wanderings he was wed to two sisters. The children of the elder wife were turned into snakes. No special reason is assigned—it just happened so. Therefore the Hopi people dramatically continue to call the snakes "elder brothers." Therefore also they go forth with much labor to bring them in to participate in the dance.



SNAKE-PRIESTS GOING DOWN ONE OF THE TRAILS IN THE SNAKE HUNT.

There is no snake worship in this; it is doubtful if the snake is considered (by the younger priests) to be other than a beast, but they respect him because he is a part of a story which they love to celebrate. Most of them regard him possibly as a messenger. Generally they avoid killing him, but they do sometimes crush the rattlesnake I was told by the young men of Ha-no.

In the Antelope kiva the sixteen weird songs were sung at noon as upon other days, and I sat in the shadow of the house walls to listen to them.

They began on a low, humming key and passed to abrupt upward-leaping cadences; then fell to a deep, stern snarl. A rattle was shaken in time to the first series of eight, but was silent at the beginning of the second series. Between the ending of the first eight songs and the beginning of the series which followed, a boy came out, with head held down and eyes squinted as if at sight of a bright light. He was deeply excited by it all, very much oppressed with the responsibility thrust upon him. He was, in fact, the impersonator of Tiyo. Each song ended on a low key, a deep nasal hum, and began again on a higher key. The sounds of the opening were apparently these: *Ha-a-aa-hay-ee. Ha-aa-hay-ee* — passing then to other more complicated phrases.

Suddenly, in the midst of the tenth song, a whizzing, booming sound, like wind and thunder mixed, was heard in the kiva, and an old man came out and gravely swung two whizzers, each made of a flat piece of wood suspended on stout cords. He succeeded in making a sound which undoubtedly typified wind and rain and thunder. In the twelfth song no tapping was heard. In the fourteenth and fifteenth the shaking of the rain rattle began again, ominous, slow, quickening as the song proceeded, becoming slow and solemn again as the series of songs ended on a low, slow, throbbing strain.

The courier, a magnificent young man, emerged, dressed in ceremonial garments and carrying in his hand several *pahos* or prayer sticks. He looked neither to the right nor to the left, but started on a run down the mesa to the north, circled to the south, and so to the east. At the south we saw him running swiftly along the trail to a rock about half a mile from the foot of the mesa. Here he stopped, knelt down, lifted a stone, sprinkled some meal within a cavity, placed the *paho* there, replaced the stone, and remained kneeling in prayer. It was an impressive thing to see this fleet, strong young fellow kneeling there in the sunlight in memory of some ancient of days. He arose, swept like a hawk's shadow round the end of the mesa to the east, placed his third *paho* in the eastern shrine, repeated his prayer, and so to the north. This part of the ceremony is a beautiful and touching one.

For seven successive days this courier is sent out, bearing the prayers of the priests and the personal prayers of those who care to send a private *paho* with him. On the first day his circuit is nearly twenty-five miles in extent. The next day his circuit is a little nearer, until on the seventh day the circuit is within the limits of Walpi itself. The first circuit is outside of all the cultivated fields, and the idea is to toll the rain clouds in upon the fields, each day nearer, until at last they are to cover the town itself.

The courier wears his black hair flowing down over his shoulders, "because the rain clouds wear their tresses so." He makes the wide circuit "in order that the rain clouds which live far away may hear the prayers of the people and come nearer." Then when they have heard the prayers of the people they will certainly not refuse to visit the fields, and so, on the days following, he brings them to the peach orchards, and at last to the slopes of the mesa in order that the springs and the wells may not go dry.

I would not have this man or the priests who send him forth lose faith in the efficacy of his prayers. Certainly it is all beautiful and not more absurd or artificial than many of the customs and ceremonies of more civilized peoples.

The morning of the eighth day grew to a beautiful, happy, sunny, and breezy forenoon, like a September day in Iowa. The men did not go to work as usual. The women were very busy making *piki* (a sort of blue bread, thin as tissue-paper) and making stews and bringing fruit from the storehouses. They built fires in the ovens, and spread the thin dough over a flat piece of stone which served as baking-pan. In this way great sheets of thin, crackling bread were baked and piled high on the floor inside of every kiva. They came into my room with armfuls of this pastry rolled into long sticks and corded up like cob-houses, which they stacked away in the inner room, ready to be carried to the feast at sundown.

The children put on their school clothes. The women were all freshly washed, their heads glistening, their hair nicely dressed. The children went about eating boiled corn, in celebration of the day. A roaring wind swept up from the south, swirling sand and the smoke from the fire-pots round the rocks.

On the plaza in Walpi a *kisi*, or sacred tent of cottonwood boughs, had been built, and before it an oblong hole was being dug by the men. After it was about two feet deep a board was set in. Then a couple of stones and a second board; the latter, being covered with dirt, was made level with the ground. In the *kisi* were placed corn and vines and rushes. The *kisi* was bound with a canvas sheet. Anciently a buffalo-skin was used for this purpose.

At about a quarter to six the Antelope-priests came out in procession from their kiva and passed four times around the plaza, singing as they marched. They were fifteen in number, including two little children. Each man, as he passed the board set in the ground, stamped upon it with vigorous action, and the little novices cunningly did the same. They were dressed in archaic ceremonial garments and carried rattles. At the end of the fourth circuit they ranged themselves on each side of the *kisi*, still continuing their low singing. The Snake-priests now came in, thirty-three in number, and also circled four times around the plaza, stamping hard upon the board as they passed. They then lined up before the Antelope-priests, and facing each other thus, the Snakes kept time with their rattles to the singing of the Antelopes.

The song, though without special passion, was strong and manly, with many deep falling cadences. It had the movement of a march. During this part of the ceremony I could not but feel the dignity and earnestness of the whole scene. The Snake-priests shook their whips in quivering action in time to the rattles, and stamped with the right foot. Suddenly the asperger stood before the *kisi* and flung some mysterious liquid to the four cardinal points. Then Kopeli and the priest who stood next him locked arms and approached the *kisi*. They stooped, and when they rose Kopeli carried in his mouth a stalk of corn. Thus they danced slowly forward and back before the *kisi*. Kopeli dropped the corn, and, changing places with his Antelope companion, once again danced before the *kisi*, the Antelope holding a vine in his mouth. Meanwhile the Antelopes continued their song.

After passing several times before the *kisi* in this way, the two priests returned to the head of the line, the Antelopes sang another song, and the Snakes rapidly circled the plaza, striking the board as before, and after the fourth circuit passed out and entered the kiva. The line of Antelopes, still singing and shaking their rattles, made the circuit of the plaza and also passed out, leaving the old man with the whizzer to follow.

This is the corn-dance which always precedes the snake-dance. When one comes to understand the significance of all these little ceremonies they grow more and more pathetic. Corn meal is their sacred offering. Cottonwood-trees are precious in their eyes because they belong to the watercourses. So turtle-shells and water-worn roots of trees or stones are kept as if sacred. The need of water is ever present with these people, and their ceremonies all pray for rain upon their corn and vines. The decorations upon many of their garments and utensils are made up of conventional symbols representing rain clouds, falling rain, and lightning.

Early on the morning of the ninth day an Indian boy looked in at my window and said, "Better get up; man's go run; much mans."

When I came out into the trail on the bare ledge between Walpi and the two other villages, the landscape was ablaze with rose-pink, purple, and yellow-green; the ledge was like the prow of a ship sailing in a sea of glorious color. Young girls in gay shawls and fresh clean blue-black skirts were filing down the steep paths to the north of Walpi. They were accompanied by little boys, naked, and painted, like the Snake chiefs, in symbolic designs. Some of the lads carried cornstalks of delicious greenness, others bore melons and flowers. The girls were empty-handed.

I scrambled down the trail, which wound among huge rocks of sandstone that in some far time had tumbled from the cliff. At one point it dropped through a chimneylike crevice and came out at last on low rocky hills covered sparsely with grease-wood and skunk-weed.

On either side of the trail the young people were drawn up, the little lads shivering and excited, the girls chattering among themselves. The girls wore their hair either drawn forward over the forehead in a peculiar horn, or flowing loosely down their backs. None of them wore it as on days before—in side whorls.

There came past me a magnificent youth of about eighteen years of age, naked with the exception of moccasins and a decorated loin-cloth. He was one of my neighbors in Ha-no. He recognized me with a smile, though I could not be sure I recognized him in the midst of his paint and finery. He wore bracelets of willow twigs about his arms, was painted with clay, and carried a bell at his belt. He also carried in one hand a splendid squash flower, and in the dark hair of his forehead a wild sunflower shone like a golden star, magnificently decorative in effect.

The shivering lads were jumping to warm themselves as I came up. The sun had risen and had struck across the beautifully mottled valley floor, and had lighted into burning gold the second mesa, Mashongnavi, but it had not yet taken the chill from the air. Above on the high cliff, looking like swarming midgets, the villagers and their visitors were assembled. Their chatter could be heard faintly.

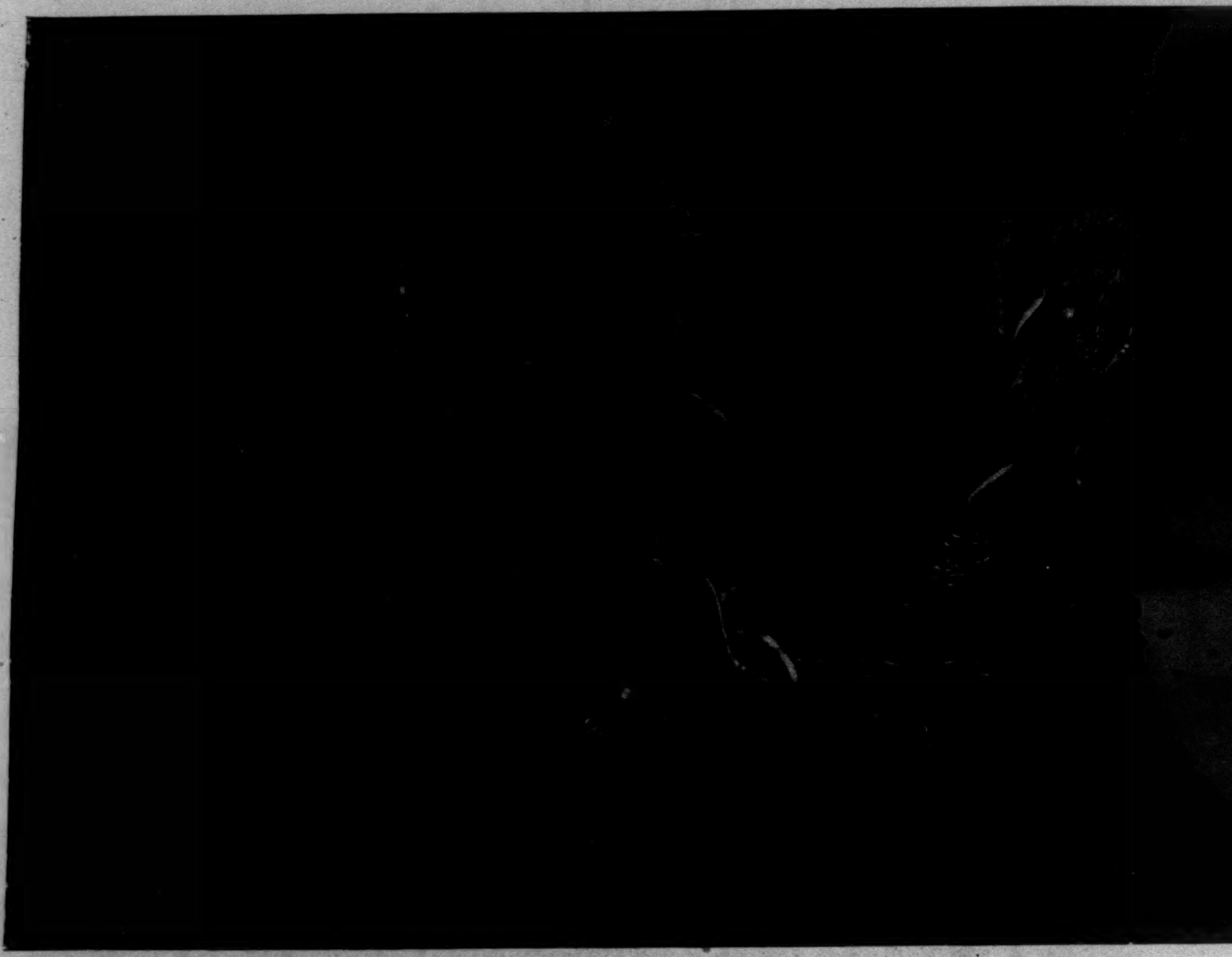
A long, echoing, musical cry arose. It was the man at the goal announcing the coming of the racers. The lads sprang up. The girls laughingly ranged themselves along the trail. As the runners came, uttering joyous cries, their brown bodies shining, their long hair flowing, the maidens sprang before them in the trail and sought to wrest from them the corn-branches which they bore. The runners dodged in the effort to escape, until a favorite maiden met them, whereupon they allowed themselves to be robbed, notwithstanding their struggles and apparently fierce outcries, then sped on empty-handed up the precipitous trail.

They came in a long, straggling file, nearly forty of them. They had rushed four miles at top speed, but they mounted the trail toward Walpi with incredible celerity. As they passed me their long hair waved up at the sides in a peculiar and beautiful fringe. I have never seen anything finer in the way of motion. As they reached the summit other shouts arose, for other maidens were waiting to set upon those who still bore their cornstalks in triumph.

The laughter died away; the crowd scattered; the slower

AMONG THE MOKI INDIANS—THE SNAKE-DA

-DANCE.—From the Painting by Fernand Harvey Lungren.



THE DANCE OF THE BEAR-MAN BEFORE KOPELI.

runners crawled up the path, bringing up the rear; the maidens from Ha-no, with backward glances, made off toward the north, bearing the trophies they had wrested from the young men.

There was something superb in all this—something natural, strong, and wholesome. The bodies of the racers had the rich coloring of bronze lit by flame. They ran with the chest thrown out and with a light step, which only three hundred years of daily climbing to and fro on this cliff could give. It was like seeing one of the old Greek games. There must also be some special meaning in the action of the maidens in snatching the corn from the runners. Perhaps, as in the old Roman games, it was an earnest of fertility and prosperity.

Up at the kiva, in the middle of the day, the wonderful ceremony of washing the snakes took place. This ceremony is the most secret and sacred of all. It has been witnessed by few white men. It was impossible, therefore, for me to do more than to sit near the kiva and to hear the singing and the wild shouts accompanying it.

The ceremony began with the low sound of rattles, then a low, guttural chant arose—a peculiar, nasal, booming chant. The words of this song, as of many others in the ceremony, are archaic; their meaning is not known even to the singers. At times there came a pause, during which the rattle made a sound like the patter of rain or hail falling on dry leaves. Then the voice of an old man sounded alone, in a high, weird cadence; then all the voices together, with one voice reciting in the midst of it. At intervals the song rose to a deep, wild outburst, followed by fierce shrill yells like the yelp of a pack of wolves. It was at this point, as Dr. Fewkes informed me, that the snakes, caught up by the naked hands of the priests, were dipped in the medicine-bowl and hurled upon the dry sand of the altar.

After each outburst the music sank again to the low, guttural chant. Within, Dr. Fewkes sat among the shouting and singing priests, watching nearly a hundred snakes as they were hurled across the sand altar, or as they writhed and coiled in the hands of these wonderful men. This is perhaps the most complete survival of the olden days to be found among American Indians.

A solemn voice recited a prayer. Then the singing began again and died to a low murmur, and the continuous soft shaking of the rattle announced the completion of this ceremony, more wonderful even than the public dance with the snakes on the plaza. When all was silent below, an old man came up from the kiva holding a bowl in his left hand and a bear's foot in the other. He dipped the bear claws into the bowl and sprinkled the four quarters of the globe.

Over beyond, the plain lay with its warm, russet grass, its deep blue peaceful hills, and the tender sky was filled with white and rose-purple clouds. Below men sat to mix this strange potion in the dark, in the reek of the effluvia from a hundred reptiles. Such is the power of the past over men. Dr. Fewkes came up a little later bearing the marks of clay upon his face, which they had given him in token of their acceptance of him among their order. He told me that they handled the snakes with perfect freedom and with seeming carelessness, though many of the snakes were rattlesnakes.

And yet, sitting there, with those strange flat-topped houses round me, with naked brown men coming and going, it all seemed natural and historical—a fact in the midst of the town and the people. All about, the children romped with apparently small regard for the priests or the snake terror; and yet it was noticed they did not disobey the command of the priests to keep away from the roof of the Snake chamber.

At five o'clock the plaza surrounding the sacred rock was heaped and piled with people. There were representatives from the other six villages; there were cowboys from southern Colorado and from Holbrook; there were Navajos from the great reservation to the east; there were reporters for Eastern papers; there were scientists from Boston, New York, and Chicago; there were teachers from the Moki school at Keams Cañon.

Upon every cornice, every roof, every adobe balcony, the Mokis themselves were gathered, attired in the most brilliant and the quaintest costumes. The building rising against the deep blue cloudless sky, covered with these barbaric colors, made a picture worthy the brush of the finest artist. As a painter said, "It was a Salon picture." Nothing can be compared with it except possibly the final feast of Holy Week in some interior Mexican town. The white people laughed, the dogs and children made tumult, while the crowd waited patiently the incoming of the Snake-men. Below on the valley floor the cloud shadows floated like boats on a yellow sea.

As I stood near the *kisi* of cottonwood boughs a man passed me with a bag containing something heavy; for an instant I could not realize that the bag contained snakes; he handled it as if it contained sand, and the reptiles made no noise. So matter of fact were his actions, few observed his entrance. I returned to the kiva and waited the coming of the priests. Two children emerged first from the Antelope kiva, little tots hardly more than five or six years of age, striped like their elders with kaoline, with little chins whitened and foreheads blackened, with strings of beads looped about their necks and rattles in their hands. The little fellows ranged themselves up near the corner of the nearest house and waited the coming of their elders. It was wonderful to see with what dignity these chubby little babes bore themselves. They did not allow themselves to smile nor to notice the other youngsters about them.

The asperger came next, an old man carrying a bowl of charm liquid. While the rest climbed out behind him, he busied himself in sprinkling the way to the Snake kiva; the other Antelopes following scattered from their right hand a pinch of meal into the open door of the Snake kiva. The rear was brought up by the whizzer, an old man dressed in completely archaic costume, carrying two small pieces of board attached to strings. These he whirled sharply, making a sound resembling thunder and wind.

After they had all passed through the narrow street out upon the plaza, the Snake-priests came up from below. They took down the sign which hung upon the ladder, and which was always present during the last four days of their occupancy of the kiva, and slowly formed into line. Each man had the upper part of his face blackened and the lower part of the face whitened. Each carried a bunch of eagle feathers in his hair, and from his belt behind streamed the complete skin of a fox. Each wore a short cotton kilt, ornamented with a figure of the Great Plumed Serpent. Many of them, if not all of them, wore upon the right leg a small turtle-shell rattle. Their whole dress was splendidly barbaric, and their faces were very intent, almost solemn. There was, however, no sign of abnormal excitement. They talked among themselves in low tones, and ranged themselves in line. There were no signs of hypnotism, and no sign of the strain under which they had been laboring for nine successive days.

At a signal from the leader, Kopeli, they entered the plaza in single file, on a rapid walk, and after circling the plaza, ranged themselves in a slightly curved line before the tent of cottonwood boughs in which the snakes were placed, and on each side of which the fifteen Antelope-priests stood in line singing a wild and guttural chant. It was almost a repetition of the corn-dance of the day before.

Standing thus, the Snake chiefs shook their snake-whips with a peculiar quivering action, in time to the rattles and the chanting of the Antelopes, stamping also with the right foot. The whole line swayed rhythmically as they rose and fell in this measured step from the right foot to the left. The song changed to a deep, musical, humming sound; the asperger stood before the *kisi* asperging to the cardinal points. The Snake-men did not sing at any time.

A wilder hum arose, a portentous, guttural, snarling sound, which passed soon to a strong, manly, marching chant, full of sudden, deep-falling, stern cadences. Then Kopeli, the Snake chief, and the one second to him joined arms and danced slowly down before the *kisi*. They stopped, and when they rose Kopeli held in his mouth a snake. His companion placed his left arm over the Snake-chief's shoulders, and together they turned, circling to the left. The snake hung quietly from the Snake-priest's mouth. It was held at about nine inches from the head. Behind him walked the third man, the snake-gatherer. They passed with a quick, strong step, one might almost say with a lope, in time to the singing.

Immediately behind came another group, the snake-carrier holding an entire snake in his mouth, the head protruding about an inch. These two were followed by a third man, the snake-gatherer; and soon the entire line of thirty-three Snake-priests had broken into eleven groups and were circling the plaza, one man in each group carrying from one to three snakes in his mouth. The singing continued, stern and swift like a strong stream, and although at times the dancers lost step to the music, in general they may be said to have retained throughout all the rush of movement a tolerable accuracy of rhythm. A group of women stood near and threw sacred meal upon the men as they passed. They kept far from contact, I observed. The excitement of the spectators increased. I pushed close to the circle of dancing priests to study their faces.

One man passed with an enormous bull snake in his mouth. Its tail hung down to his knee. Each snake-carrier danced with his eyes closed and his chin thrust forward. The reasons for this were obvious. The little snakes were the most vicious, and struck repeatedly at the eyes and cheeks of the priests. Several of them seized upon the skin, and held on until brushed away by the whip of the "hugger." In every case which I observed the rattlesnakes hung peaceful, and without any action whatever, from the mouths of the dancers, and only struck or coiled to strike after falling upon the bare rock. Their coats seemed dry and dusty.

One man went by with two large rattlesnakes in his mouth. Another held a rattlesnake and two larger bull snakes between his lips; and a third priest, to silence all question of his superiority, crowded into his mouth four snakes! The gatherer who followed him held in the fin-

gers of his left hand six or eight snakes, strung like pieces of rope. In fact, they all handled the snakes precisely as if they were skeins of yarn, with the single exception of the moment when they snatched them from the ground.

Once or twice there was a brief struggle between the snake-gatherer and the fallen snake. In every case which I observed the snake-gatherer brushed the snake with the feathers of his snake-whip until he uncoiled and straightened out to run. After the gatherer picked him up he was as helpless as if dead.

As the dance went on, the excitement grew. The clink of metal fringes and the patter of rattles filled the ear. The snakes dashed into the crowd, shouts and screams and laughter rose, but the wary snake-gatherer in every case caught the snake before it passed out of reach. In one or two instances when a rattlesnake ran toward the women with their basket plaques of meal, they broke into wild screams and ran. Evidently they feared the rattlesnakes quite as much as any of the white women. At last, so deep was my interest to see, I lost all sense of hearing. They all moved like figures in a dream.

During all this time, whatever the outcries among the spectators, whatever the screams or laughter among the women with the meal, the Snake-priests, intent and grave, showed no trace whatever of excitement. It is absurd to speak of hypnotism or frenzy of any kind. They were not in the slightest degree moved either to fear or laughter, or even to the point of being hastened or retarded by the presence of the white man. They had a religious duty to perform, and they were carrying it forward, intent, masterful, solemn, and perfectly silent. Incredible, thrilling, savage, and dangerous as it appeared to us, to them it was a world-old religious ceremonial.

At last, when all the snakes had been carried, and when each snake-gatherer held in his hand huge bundles of the apparently inert serpents, the Antelopes and the snake-gatherers formed a swift circle. As they waited, Kopeli drew a circle of meal upon the ground, and all the snakes were thrown in a tangled writhing heap within this circle. Then the women rushed timorously forward and scattered meal over the writhing mass. Then, most wonderful of all, before the swiftest serpent could escape, the priests snatched them up in handfuls, and started with them down the sides of the mesa. In an incredibly short time every snake had been whipped from the ground and was in the hands of these runners. Each man carried from eight to twelve, indiscriminately snatched up. This whole action of heaping the snakes within the circle, covering them with meal, and snatching them up again was all done in the space of a few seconds.

The snakes, "the elder brothers," had taken part in the dance, their heads had been sprinkled with meal, the prayers to the gods had been whispered to them: they were now to return to the fields to carry the messages of the Snake-priests to the gods of rain and of plenty.

Down the southern side of the mesa I stood to watch two of these marvellous runners. They ran with the speed of goats down the precipitous slopes and out over the sandy foot-hills. At a distance possibly of half a mile from the foot of the mesa, under a huge rock, they knelt down, uttered a little prayer, and released the snakes. In returning they mounted the steep paths with almost undiminished speed. Other runners went to the east, to the south, and to the west. In twenty minutes from the time the Snake-priests had ranged themselves before the *kisi*, a hundred snakes, half of them rattlesnakes, had been carried around the plaza in the mouths of eleven men, had been dropped upon the floor of the plaza, recovered by the snake-gatherers, thrown into a heap, sprinkled with meal, snatched up by eight men, and carried back to the open country. During this time no one had been bitten, no smallest snake had escaped in the crowd which closely crowded upon the Snake-priests, and, so far as could be told, no ill thing had occurred. This was the climax of the incredible, and I could not believe it had I not witnessed it. As I look back upon it, it is akin to the sense-defying action of dreams.

Meanwhile the Antelopes had calmly finished their singing and had marched back to the Antelope kiva. The remaining Snake-priests had also retired to their kiva, and were divesting themselves of their snake-whips and rattles, and other removable parts of their regalia.

There now occurred a singular scene on the north side of the village, on the edge of the cliff. This was the vomiting of the priests. It has been called a ludicrous sight; certainly it is an unusual thing to see thirty men drinking an emetic at the same moment. But I felt little inclination to laugh, for it showed how severe had been the strain upon the devotees. It was no joke. They had been fasting for thirty-six hours. They had been forced to live for five or six days with a hundred snakes in a close underground chamber. They had held the writhing bodies of from five to twelve snakes in their mouths. They may have been bitten by the snakes. Whatever the purpose of this retching, certainly it was a grim and heroic treatment. They passed through it with so much of dignity as any man may. They made no talk among themselves or to those standing about. As in all the other ceremonies, they were composed, serious, and intent.

This, however, was the final and severest part of the ceremony. They were now permitted to drink copiously of clean water. They also immediately unbent. They smiled and greeted their acquaintances standing about. And now a pretty custom intervened. There came into their group five or six young girls, daughters and sweethearts, we may suppose, to help the priests wash the paint from their bodies. It added a fine touch of clean, sane domesticity to the scene. The girls had no sense of false shame. They laughed and chatted as they splashed the water over the glistening brown bodies of the men. It would be impossible to see elsewhere in America another such scene. It humanized these people. It took away all feeling of savagery from these men. They were priests. They were performing in a traditional ceremony. The ceremony itself had in it something of the barbarity of the olden time, but their pleasant and smiling faces as they received water from the hands of their women had no trace of ferocity left.

The fitting close to this remarkable and in many respects beautiful drama and religious ceremony was the procession of women bearing gifts of bread and meats to the kiva. They came with seriousness and reverence, carrying in their uplifted hands steaming stews, piles of blue piki bread, and golden mush. This disappeared down the kiva mouth, enough provision to last a hundred men a week. As it was passed down, the name of the donor of each basket or basin was called out. The scene reminded me of a "donation party" in School District No. 7.

It took away all the horror and much of the grimness of the snake-dance to see the smiling priests surrounded by these gentle women and their fragrant loaves and stews. The observer who rides up to the mesa at five o'clock to see the snake-dance, and after it is over rides back and away, carries with him an absolutely false idea of this dance and of these men. We who had lived with them in the village, and who met them after the war-paint was washed from their faces, know them for what they are—a pleasant, laughter-loving, simple-minded, and peaceful people.

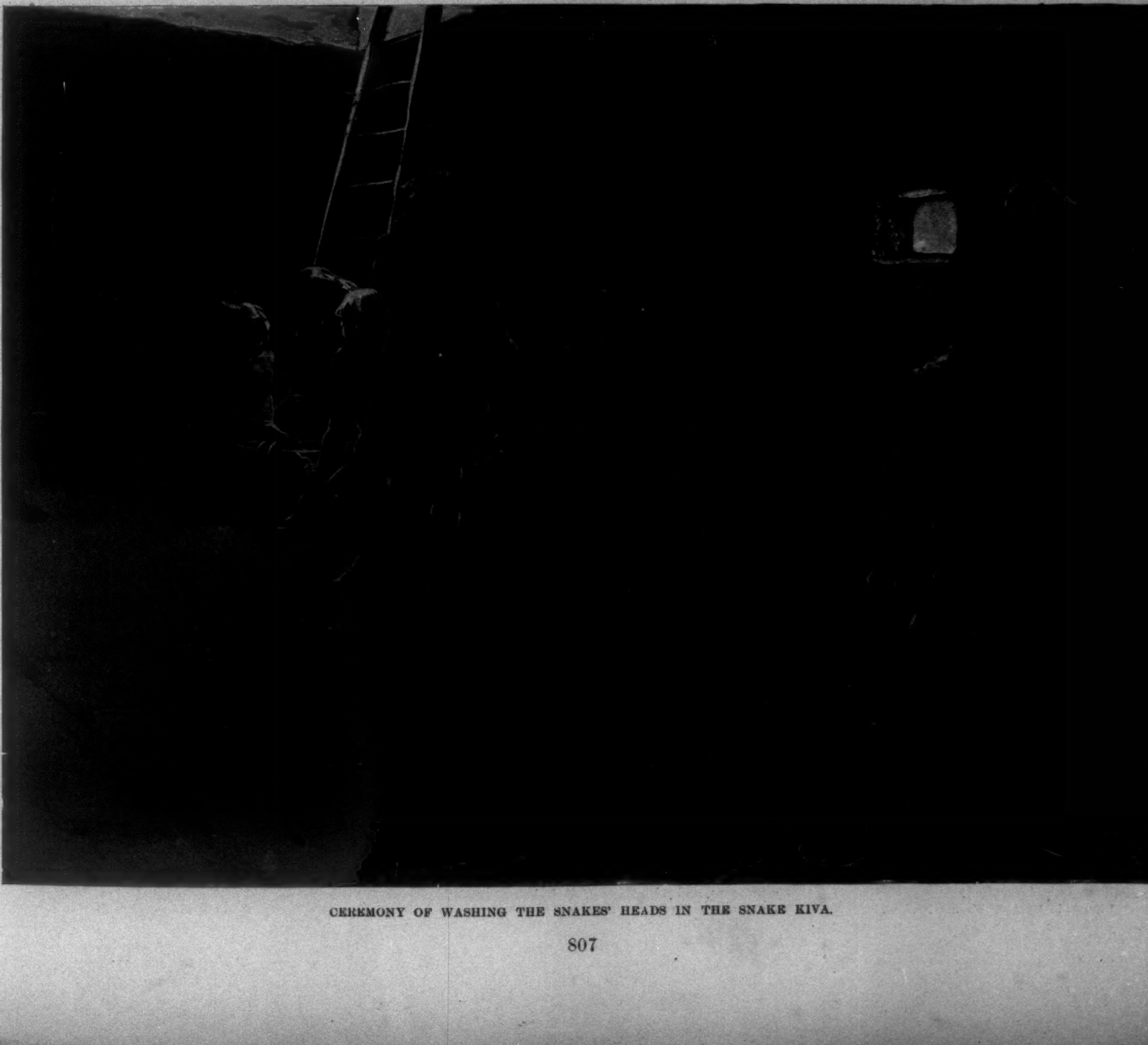
Even the dance itself to me was neither disgusting nor in any way unduly exciting. It proceeded as a matter of course, and not in a frenzy. I admired their skill, and I had no fear of results. When they threw the snakes in the swarming heap I stood within two paces of them, feeling not the slightest doubt but that every snake would be secured, and that the priests would carry them back safely to the plain. For had they not been doing this for a thousand years? And had not the skill been transmitted from father to son with the same absolute certainty which marks the action of the eagle or the panther?

In the evening the air rang with merry shouts as the young maidens carried forward the game which was now to continue for three days—that is, the capture from the young men of whatever piece of calico or melon or pottery they might carry. It rounded out and completed the day. It made an idyl of the ceremony. It was, indeed, the poetry, and the drama, and the history, and the religious tradition of this people. The right interpretation of this peculiar ceremony will not leave out its solemn and beautiful and tender phases. It was impressive, it was exciting, but it was not revolting at any point.

Originally a prayer for rain, it has come at length to include something of drama, of story, and by allegory contains hints of the wanderings of the people hundreds of years ago. It is also a festival and a time of smiling for these patient souls, to whom water is more precious than pearls, and green leaves beyond beaten gold. There is no reason why the snake-dance should be interfered with or condemned.

The night came, soft and radiant, filled with the laughter of girls, the shouts of the young racers, the hum of neighborly talk upon the roof-tops. A little later groups of young Navajos, encamped high on the houses, began a mysterious singing, wherein the voices of wolves and owls and wild-cats intermingled; in their silent intervals young Hopi singers replied in sweet, quavering, timorous song. At ten o'clock the town was quiet, and overhead myriads of stars flamed in majesty.

There are few unpleasant recollections of Walpi Mesa and its brave and cheerful people.



CEREMONY OF WASHING THE SNAKES' HEADS IN THE SNAKE KIVA.

THE LANDLORD AT LION'S HEAD.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS,

AUTHOR OF "A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES," "THE QUALITY OF MERCY," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. T. SMEDLEY.

XVIII.

AFTER all, it was rather a simple-hearted thing of Westover to have either hoped or feared very much for the Vostrands. Society, in the sense of good society, can always take care of itself, and does so perfectly. In the case of Mrs. Vostrand some ladies who liked Westover and wished to be civil to him asked her and her daughter to other afternoon teas, shook hands with them at their coming, and said, when they went, they were sorry they must be going so soon. In the crowds people recognized them now and then, both of those who had met them at Westover's studio, and of those who had met them in Florence and Lausanne. But if these were merely people of fashion they were readily rid of the Vostrands, whom the dullest among them quickly perceived not to be of their own sort, somehow. Many of the ladies of Westover's class made Genevieve promise to let them paint her; and her beauty and her grace availed for several large dances at the houses of more daring spirits, where the daughters made a duty of getting partners for her, and discharged it conscientiously. But there never was an approach to more intimate hospitalities, and toward the end of February, when good society in Boston goes southward to indulge a Lenten grief at Old Point Comfort, Genevieve had so many vacant afternoons and evenings at her disposal that she could not have truthfully pleaded a previous engagement to the invitations Jeff Durgin made her. They were chiefly for the theatre, and Westover saw him with her and her mother at different plays; he wondered how Jeff had caught on to the notion of asking Mrs. Vostrand to come with them.

Jeff's introductions at Westover's tea had not been many, and they had not availed him at all. He had been asked to no Boston houses, and when other students, whom he knew, were going in to dances, the whole winter he was socially as quiet, but for the Vostrands, as at the Mid-year Examinations. Westover could not resent the neglect of society in his case, and he could not find that he quite regretted it; but he thought it characteristically nice of Mrs. Vostrand to make as much of the friendless fellow as she fitly could. He had no doubt but her tact would be equal to his management in every way, and that she could easily see to it that he did not become embarrassing to her daughter or herself.

One day, after the east wind had ceased to blow the breath of the ice-fields of Labrador against the New England coast, and the buds on the trees along the mall between the lawns of the avenue were venturing forth in a hardy experiment of the Boston May, Mrs. Vostrand asked Westover if she had told him that Mr. Vostrand was actually coming on to Boston. He rejoiced with her in this prospect, and he reciprocated the wish which she said Mr. Vostrand had always had for a meeting with himself.

A fortnight later, when the leaves had so far inured themselves to the weather as to have fully expanded, she announced another letter from Mr. Vostrand, saying that after all he should not be able to come to Boston, but hoped to be in New York before she sailed.

"Sailed!" cried Westover.

"Why, yes! Didn't you know we were going to sail in June? I thought I had told you!"

"No—"

"Why, yes. We must go out to poor Checco, now; Mr. Vostrand insists upon that. If ever we are a united family again, Mr. Westover—if Mr. Vostrand can arrange his business, when Checco is ready to enter Harvard—I mean to take a house in Boston. I'm sure I should be contented to live nowhere else in America. The place has quite bewitched me—dear old, sober, charming Boston! I'm sure I should like to live here all the rest of my life. But why in the world do people go out of town so early? Those houses over there have been shut for a whole month past!"

They were sitting at Mrs. Vostrand's window looking out on the avenue, where the pale globular electrics were swimming like jelly-fish in the clear evening air, and above the ranks of low trees the houses on the other side were close-shuttered from basement to attic.

Westover answered, "Some go because they have such pleasant houses at the shore, and some because they want to dodge their taxes."

"To dodge their taxes?" she repeated, and he had to explain how if people were in their country houses before the 1st of May they would not have to pay the high personal tax of the city; and she said that she would write that to Mr. Vostrand; it would be another point in favor of Boston. Women, she declared, would never have thought of such a thing; and she denounced them as culpably ignorant of so many matters that concerned them, especially legal matters. "And do you think," she asked, "that Mr. Durgin will be a good lawyer? That he will—distinguish himself?"

Westover thought it was rather a short cut to Jeff from the things they had been talking of, but if she wished to speak of him he had no reason to oppose her wish. "I've heard it's all changed a good deal. There are still distinguished lawyers, and lawyers who get on, but they don't distinguish themselves in the old way so much, and they get on best by becoming counsel for some powerful corporation."

"And you think he has talent?" she pursued. "For that, I mean."

"Oh, I don't know," said Westover. "I think he has a good head. He can do what he likes within certain limits, and the limits are not all on the side I used to fancy. He baffles me. But of late, I fancy you've seen rather more of him than I have."

"I have urged him to go more to you. But," said Mrs. Vostrand, with a burst as of frankness, "he thinks you don't like him."

"He's wrong," said Westover. "But I might dislike him very much."

"I see what you mean," said Mrs. Vostrand, "and I'm glad you've been so frank with me. I've been so interested in Mr. Durgin, *so* interested!

"Isn't he very young?"

This question seemed a bit of indirection to Westover. But he answered directly enough. "He's rather old for a Sophomore, I believe. He's twenty-two."

"And Genevieve is twenty. Mr. Westover, may I trust you with something?"

"With everything, I hope, Mrs. Vostrand."

"It's about Genevieve. Her father is so opposed to her making a foreign marriage. It seems to be his one great dread. And of course she's very much exposed to it, living abroad so much with me, and I feel doubly bound on that account to respect her father's opinions, or even prejudices. Before we left Florence—in fact, last winter—there was a most delightful young officer wished to marry her. I don't know that she cared anything for him, though he was everything that *I* could have wished: handsome, brilliant, accomplished, good family; everything *but* rich, and that was what Mr. Vostrand objected to; or, rather, he objected to putting up, as he called it, the sum that Captain Grassi would have had to deposit with the government before he was allowed to marry. You know how it is with the poor fellows in the army, there; I don't understand the process exactly, but the sum is something like sixty thousand francs, I believe; and poor Gigi hadn't it: I always called him Gigi, but his name is Count Luigi de' Popolani Grassi; and he is descended from one of the old republican families of Florence. He is *so* nice! Mr. Vostrand was opposed to him from the beginning, and as soon as he heard of the sixty thousand francs, he utterly refused. He called it buying a son-in-law, but I don't see why he need have looked at it in that light. However," said Mrs. Vostrand, "it was broken off, and we left Florence,—more for poor Gigi's sake than for Genevieve's, I must *say*. He was quite heart-broken; I pitied him."

Her voice had a tender fall in the closing words, and Westover could fancy how sweet she would make her compassion to the young man. She began several sentences aimlessly, and he suggested, to supply the broken thread of her discourse rather than to offer consolation, while her eyes seemed to wander with her mind, and ranged the avenue up and down, "Those foreign marriages are not always successful."

"No, they are not," she assented. "But don't you think they're better with Italians than with Germans, for instance?"

"I don't suppose the Italians expect their wives to black their boots, but I've heard that they beat them, sometimes."

"In exaggerated cases, perhaps they do," Mrs. Vostrand admitted. "And, of course," she added, thoughtfully, "there is nothing like a purely American marriage, for happiness."

Westover wondered how she really regarded her own marriage, but she never betrayed any consciousness of its variance from the type.

XIX.

A young couple came strolling down the avenue who to Westover's artistic eye first typified grace and strength, and then to his more personal perception identified themselves as Genevieve Vostrand and Jeff Durgin.

They faltered before one of the benches beside the mall, and he seemed to be begging her to sit down. She cast her eyes round till they must have caught the window of her mother's apartment; then, as if she felt safe under it, she sank into the seat and Jeff put himself beside her. It was quite too early yet for the simple lovers who publicly notify their happiness by the embraces and hand-clasps everywhere evident in our parks and gardens; and a Boston pair of social tradition would not have dreamed of sitting on a bench in Commonwealth Avenue at any hour. But two such aliens as Jeff and Miss Vostrand might very well do so; and Westover sympathized with their bohemian impulse.

Mrs. Vostrand and he watched them awhile, in talk that straggled away from them, and became more and more distraught in view of them. Jeff leaned forward, and drew on the ground with the point of his stick; Genevieve held her head motionless at a pensive droop. It was only their backs that Westover could see, and he could not of course make out a syllable of what was effectively their silence; but all the same he began to feel as if he were peeping and eavesdropping.

Mrs. Vostrand seemed not to share his feeling, and there was no reason why he should have it if she had not. He offered to go, but she said, No, no; he must not think of it till Genevieve came in; and she added some banalities about her always scolding when she had missed one of his calls; they could be so few, now, at the most.

"Why, do you intend to go so soon?" he asked.

She did not seem to hear him, and he could see that she was watching the young people intently. Jeff had turned his face up toward Genevieve, without lifting his person, and was saying something she suddenly shrank back from. She made a start as if to rise, but he put out his hand in front of her, beseechingly or compellingly, and she sank down again. But she slowly shook her head at what he was saying, and turned her face toward him so that it gave her profile to the spectators. In that light and at that distance it was impossible to do more than fancy anything fateful in the words which she seemed to be uttering; but Westover chose to fancy this. Jeff waited a moment in apparent silence, after she had spoken. He sat erect, and faced her, and this gave his profile, too. He must have spoken, for she shook her head again; and then, at other words from him, nodded assentingly. Then she listened motionlessly while he poured a rapid stream of visible but inaudible words. He put out his hand, as if to take hers, but she put it behind her; Westover could see it white there against the belt of her dark dress.

Jeff went on more vehemently, but she remained steadfast, slowly shaking her head. When he ended she spoke, and with something of his own energy; he made a gesture of submission, and when she rose, he rose too. She stood a moment, and with a gentle and almost entreating movement she put out her hand to him. He stood looking down with both his hands resting on the top of his stick, as if ignoring her proffer. Then he suddenly caught her hand, held it a moment, dropped it and walked quickly away without looking back. Genevieve ran across the lawn and roadway toward the house.

"Oh, *must* you go?" Mrs. Vostrand said to Westover. He found that he had probably risen in sympathy with Jeff's action. He was not aware of an intention of going, but he thought he had better not correct Mrs. Vostrand's error.

"Yes, I really must, now," he said.

"Well, then," she returned distractedly, "do come often."

He hurried out to avoid meeting Genevieve. He passed her on the public stairs of the house, but he saw that she did not recognize him in the dim light.

Late that night, he was startled by steps that seemed to be seeking their way up the stairs to his landing, and then by a heavy knock on his door.

He opened it, and confronted Jeff Durgin.

"May I come in, Mr. Westover?" he asked with unwonted deference.

"Yes, come in," said Westover, with no great relish, setting his door open, and then holding on to it a moment, as if he hoped that, having come in, Jeff might instantly go out again.

His reluctance was lost upon Jeff, who said, unconscious of keeping his hat on, "I want to talk with you—I want to tell you something—"

"All right. Won't you sit down?"

At this invitation Jeff seemed reminded to take his hat off, and he put it on the floor beside his chair. "I'm not in a scrape, this time; or rather I'm in the worst kind of a scrape, though it isn't the kind that you want bail for."

"Yes," Westover prompted.

"I don't know whether you've noticed—and if you haven't it don't make any difference—that I've seemed to—care a good deal for Miss Vostrand?"

Westover saw no reason why he should not be frank, and said, "Too much, I've fancied, sometimes for a student in his Sophomore year."

"Yes, I know that. Well, it's over, whether it was too much or too little." He laughed in a joyless, helpless way, and looked deprecatingly at Westover. "I guess I've been making a fool of myself; that's all."

"It's better to make a fool of one's self than to make a fool of some one else," said Westover, oracularly.

"Yes," said Jeff, apparently finding nothing more definite in the oracle than people commonly find in oracles. "But I think," he went on with a touch of bitterness, "that her mother might have told me she was engaged—or the same as engaged."

"I don't know that she was bound to take you seriously, or to suppose you took yourself so, at your age, and with your prospects in life. If you want to know,"—Westover faltered, and then went on—"she began to be kind to you because she was afraid that you might think she didn't take your coming home second cabin in the right way; and one thing led to another. You mustn't blame her for what's happened."

Westover defended Mrs. Vostrand, but he did not feel strong in her defence; he was not sure that Durgin was quite wrong, absurd as he had been. He sat down and looked up at his visitor under his brows. "What are you here for, Jeff. Not to complain of Mrs. Vostrand?"

Jeff gave a short shamefaced laugh. "No, it's this. You're such an old friend of Mrs. Vostrand's that I thought she'd be pretty sure to tell you about it; and I wanted to ask—to ask—that you wouldn't say anything to mother."

"You *are* a boy! I shouldn't think of meddling with your affairs," said Westover; he got up again, and Jeff rose too.

Before noon the next day, a district messenger brought Westover a letter which he easily knew, from the now belated tall angular hand, to be from Mrs. Vostrand. It announced on a much criss-crossed little sheet that she and Genevieve were inconsolably taking a very sudden departure, and were going on the twelve-o'clock train to New York, where Mr. Vostrand was to meet them. "In regard to that affair which I mentioned last night, he withdraws his objections (we have had an overnight telegram) and so I suppose all will *go well*. I cannot tell you how sorry we both are not to see you again; you have been such a dear good friend to us; and if you don't hear from us again at New York, you will from the other side. Genevieve had some very strange news when she came in, and we both feel very sorry for the poor young fellow. You must console him from us all you can. I did not know before how much she was attached to Gigi; but it turned out very fortunately that she could say she considered herself bound to him, and did everything to save Mr. D.'s feelings."

XX.

Westover was not at Lion's Head again until the summer before Jeff's graduation. In the mean time the hotel had grown like a living thing. He could not have imagined wings in connection with the main edifice, but it had put forth wings, one that sheltered a new and enlarged dining-room, with two stories of chambers above, and another that hovered a parlor and hall-room under a like provision of chambers. An ell had been pushed back on the level behind the house; the barn had been moved farther to the southward, and on its old site a laundry built, with quarters for the help over it. All had been carefully, frugally, yet sufficiently done, and Westover was not surprised to learn that it was all the effect of Jackson Durgin's ingenuity and energy. Mrs. Durgin confessed to having no part in it; but she had kept pace, with Cynthia Whitwell's help, in the housekeeping. As Jackson had cautiously felt his way to the needs of their public in the enlargement and rearrangement of the hotel, the two housewives had watchfully studied, not merely the demands, but the half-conscious instincts of their guests, and had responded to them simply and adequately, in the spirit of Jackson's exterior and structural

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2063.

"WHEN THEY WENT THEY WERE SORRY THEY MUST BE GOING SO SOON."

improvements. The walls of the new rooms were left unpapered and their floors uncarpeted; there were thin rugs put down, and the wood-work was merely stained. Westover found that he need not ask especially for some hot dish at night; there was almost the abundance of a dinner, though the dinner was still at one o'clock.

Mrs. Durgin asked him the first day if he would not like to go into the serving-room and see it while they were serving dinner. She tried to conceal her pride in the busy scene—the waitresses pushing in through one valve of the double hinged doors with their empty trays, and out through the other with the trays full laden; delivering their dishes with the broken victual at the wicket, where the untouched portions were put aside and the rest poured into the waste; following in procession along the steam-reeking table, with its great tanks of soup and vegetables, where the carvers stood with the joints and the trussed fowls smoking before them, which they sliced and severed with quick sweeps of their blades; or waiting their turn at the board where the little plates with portions of fruit and dessert stood ready. All went regularly on amid a clatter of knives and voices and dishes; and the clashing rise and fall of the wire baskets plunging the soiled crockery into misty depths, whence it came up clean and dry without the touch of finger or towel. Westover could not deny that there were elements of the picturesque in it, so that he did not respond quite in kind to Jeff's suggestion, "Scene for a painter, Mr. Westover."

The young fellow followed satirically at his mother's elbow, and made a mock of her pride in it, trying to catch Westover's eye when she led him through the kitchen with its immense range, and introduced him to a new *chef*, who wiped his hand on his white apron to offer it to Westover.

"Don't let him get away without seeing the laundry, mother," her son jeered at a final air of absent-mindedness in her, and she defiantly accepted his challenge.

"Jeff's mad because he wasn't consulted," she explained, "and because we don't run the house like his one-horse European hotels."

"Oh, I'm not in it at all, Mr. Westover," said the young fellow. "I'm as much a passenger as you are. The only difference is that I'm allowed to work my passage."

"Well, one thing," said his mother, "is that we've got a higher class of boarders than we ever had before. You'll see, Mr. Westover, if you stay on here till August. There's a class that boards all the year round, and that knows what a hotel is—about as well as Jeff, I guess. You'll find 'em at the big city houses, the first of the winter, and then they go down to Floridy or Georgy for February and March; and they get up to Fortress Monroe in April, and work along north about the middle of May to them family hotels in the suburbs around Boston; and they stay there till it's time to go to the shore. They stay at the shore through July, and then they come here in August, and stay till the leaves turn. They're folks that live on their money, and they're the very highest class, I guess. It's a round of gayety with 'em, the whole year through."

Jeff, from the vantage of his greater worldly experience, was trying to exchange looks of intelligence with Westover concerning these hotel-dwellers whom his mother revered as aristocrats; but he did not really question her conceptions. "They've told me how they do, some of the ladies have," she went on. "They've got the money for it, and they know how to get the most for their money. Why, Mr. Westover, we've got rooms in this house, now, that we let for thirty-five to fifty dollars a week, for two persons, and folks like that take 'em right along through August and September, and want a room apiece. It's different now, I can tell you, from what it was when folks thought we was killin' 'em if we wanted ten or twelve dollars."

Westover had finished his dinner before this tour of the house began, and when it was over the two men strolled away together.

"You see, it's on the regular American lines," Jeff pursued, after parting with his mother. "Jackson's done it, and he can't imagine anything else. I don't say it isn't well done in its way, but the way's wrong; it's stupid and clumsy." When they were got so far from the hotel as to command a prospect of its ungainly mass sprawled upon the plateau, his smouldering disgust burst out. "Look at it! Did you ever see anything like it? I wish the damned thing would burn up—or down!"

Westover was aware in more ways than one of Jeff's exclusion from authority in the place, where he was constantly set aside from the management as if his future were so definitely dedicated to another calling that not even his advice was desired or permitted; and he could not help sympathizing a little with him when he chafed at his rejection. He saw a great deal of him, and he thought him quite up to the average of Harvard Seniors in some essentials. He had been sobered apparently by experience; his unfortunate love-affair seemed to have improved him, as the phrase is.

They had some long walks and long talks together, and in one of them Jeff opened his mind, if not his heart, to the painter. He said that he did not want to be a lawyer, he wanted to be a hotel-keeper. He wanted to be the Landlord of the Lion's Head, which he believed he could make the best hotel in the mountains. He knew, of course, that he could not hope to make any changes that did not suit his mother and his brother, as long as they had the control, but he thought they would let him have the control sooner if his mother could only be got to give up the notion of his being a lawyer. As nearly as he could guess, she wanted him to be a lawyer because she did not want him to be a hotel-keeper, and her prejudice against that was because she believed that selling liquor made her father a drunkard.

"Well, now you know enough about me, Mr. Westover, to know that drink isn't my danger."

"Yes, I think I do," said Westover.

"I went a little wild in my Freshman year, and I got into that scrape; but I've never been the worse for liquor since. Fact is, I never touch it now. There isn't any more reason why I should take to drink because I kept a hotel than Jackson; but just that one time has set mother against it, and I can't seem to make her understand that once is enough for me. Why, I should keep a temperance house, here, of course; you can't do anything else in these days. If I was left to choose between hotel-keeping and any other life that I know of, I'd choose it every time," Jeff went on after a moment of silence. "I *like* a hotel. You can be your own man, from the start; the start's made here, and I've helped to make it. All you've got to do is to have common-sense in the hotel business, and you're sure to succeed. I believe I've got common-sense, and I believe I've got some ideas that I can work up into a great success. The reason that most people fail in the hotel business is that they waste so much, and the landlord that wastes on his guests can't treat them well. It's got so now that in the big city houses they can't make anything on feeding people, and so they try to make it up on the rooms. I should feed them well—I believe I know how—and I should make money on my table, as they do in Europe. I've thought a good many things out; my mind runs on it all the time; but I'm not going to bore you with it now."

"Oh, not at all," said Westover. "I'd like to know what your ideas are."

"Well, some time, I'll tell you. But look here, Mr.

Westover, I wish if mother gets to talking about me with you, that you'd let her know how I feel. We can't talk together, she and I, without quarrelling about it; but I guess you could put in a word that would show her I wasn't quite a fool. She thinks I've gone crazy from seeing the way they do things in Europe; that I'm conceited, and unpatriotic, and I don't know what all."

Jeff laughed as if with an inner fondness for his mother's wrongheadedness.

"And would you be willing to settle down here in the country for the rest of your life, and throw away your Harvard training on hotel-keeping?"

"What do the other fellows do with their Harvard training when they go into business, as nine-tenths of them do? Business is business, whether you keep a hotel, or import dry-goods, or manufacture cotton, or run a railroad, or help a big trust to cheat legally. Harvard has got to take a back seat when you get out of Harvard. But you don't suppose that keeping a summer hotel would mean living in the country the whole time, do you? That's the way mother does, but I shouldn't. It isn't good for the hotel, even. If I had such a place as Lion's Head, I should put a man and his family into it for the winter to look after it, and I should go to town myself,—to Boston or New York, or I might go to London or Paris. They're not so far off, and it's so easy to get to them that you can hardly keep away." Jeff laughed, and looked up at Westover from the log where he sat, whittling a pine stick; Westover sat on the stump from which the log had been felled eight or ten years before.

"You *are* modern," he said.

"That's what I should do at first. But I don't believe I should have Lion's Head very long before I had another hotel—in Florida, or the Georgia uplands, or North Carolina, somewhere. I should take my help back and forth; it would be as easy to run two hotels as one; easier! It would keep my hand in. But if you want to know, I'd rather stick here in the country, year in and year out, and run Lion's Head, than be a lawyer and hang round trying to get a case for nine or ten years. Who's going to support me? Do you suppose I want to live on mother till I'm forty? She don't think of that. She thinks I can go right into court, and begin distinguishing myself, if I can fight the people off from sending me to Congress. I'd rather live in the country, anyway. I think town's the place for winter, or two-three months of it, and after that I haven't got any use for it. But mother, she's got this old-fashioned ambition to have me go to a city, and set up there. She thinks that if I was a lawyer in Boston I should be at the top of the heap. But I know better than that, and so do you; and I want you to give her some little hint of how it really is: how it takes family, and money, and a lot of influence to get to the top in any city."

It occurred to Westover, and not for the first time, that the frankest thing in Jeff Durgin was his disposition to use his friends. It seemed to him that Jeff was always asking something of him, and it did not change the fact that in this case he thought him altogether in the right. He said that if Mrs. Durgin spoke to him of the matter he would not keep the light from her. He looked about him, now, for the first time, in recognition of the place where they had stopped. "Why, this is Whitwell's Clearing."

"Didn't you know it?" Jeff asked. "It changes a good deal every year, and you haven't been here for a while, have you?"

"Not since Mrs. Marven's picnic," said Westover, and he added quickly, to efface the painful association which he must have called up by his heedless words, "The woods have crowded back upon it, so. It can't be more than half its old size."

"No," Jeff assented. He struck his heel against a fragment of the pine bough he had been whittling, and drove it into the soft ground beside the log, and said, without looking up from it, "I met that woman at a dance, last winter. It wasn't her dance, but she was running it as if it were, just the way she did with the picnic. She seemed to want to let bygones be bygones, and I danced with her daughter. She's a nice girl. I thought mother did wrong about that." Now he looked at Westover. "She couldn't help it, but it wasn't the thing to do. A hotel is a public house, and you can't act as if it wasn't. If mother hadn't known how to keep a hotel so well in other ways, she might have ruined the house by not knowing in a thing like that. But we've got some of the people with us this year that used to come here when we first took farm-boarders; mother don't know that they're ever so much nicer, socially, than the people that take the fifty-dollar rooms." He laughed, and then he said seriously, "If I ever had a son, I don't believe I should let my pride in him risk doing him mischief. And if you've a mind to let her understand that you believe I'm set against the law for good and all—"

"I guess I shall not be your ambassador, so far as that. Why don't you tell her yourself?"

"She won't believe me," said Jeff, with a laugh. "She thinks I don't know my mind. And I don't like the way we differ when we differ. We differ more than we mean to. I don't pretend to say I'm always right. She was right about that other picnic—the one I wanted to make for Mrs. Vostrand. I suppose," he ended unexpectedly, "that you hear from them, now and then?"

"No, I don't. I haven't heard from them for a year; not since— You knew Genevieve was married?"

"Yes, I knew that," said Jeff, steadily.

"I don't quite make it all out. Mr. Vostrand was very much opposed to it, Mrs. Vostrand told me; but he must have given way at last; and he must have put up the money." Jeff looked puzzled, and Westover explained. "You know the officers in the Italian army—and all the other armies in Europe, for that matter—have to deposit a certain sum with the government before they can marry—and in the case of Count Grassi, Mr. Vostrand had to furnish the money."

Jeff said after a moment, "Well, *she* couldn't help that."

"No, the girl wasn't to blame. I don't know that any one was to blame. But I'm afraid our girls wouldn't marry many titles if their fathers didn't put up the money."

"Well, I don't see why they shouldn't spend their money that way as well as any other," said Jeff, and this proof of his impartiality suggested to Westover that he was not only indifferent to the mercenary international marriages, which are a scandal to so many of our casuists, but had quite outlived his passion for the girl concerned in this.

"At any rate," Jeff added, "I haven't got anything to say against it. Mr. Westover, I've always wanted to say one thing to you. When I came to your room that night, I wanted to complain of Mrs. Vostrand for not letting me know about the engagement; and I wasn't man enough to acknowledge that what you said would account for their letting me make a fool of myself. But I believe I am now, and I want to say it."

"I'm glad you can see it in that way," said Westover, "and since you do, I don't mind saying that I think Mrs. Vostrand might have been a little franker with you without being less kind. She was kind, but she wasn't quite frank."

"Well, it's all over, now," said Jeff, and he rose up and brushed the whittlings from his knees. "And I guess it's just as well."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHAT A DEMOCRAT EXPECTS FROM MAJOR McKINLEY.

FOLLY OF POLITICAL VITUPERATION.

FREEDOM of the press which permits open criticisms of the acts of our public men without fear or favor is one of the safeguards of our institutions. The exercise of this privilege enables the journalist to expose corruption, prevent fraud, and to do more for the interest of good government than the most stringent rules of civil service reform ever could accomplish. But in the heat of political discussion liberty often degenerates into license. Whenever the authorities take steps by which some particular interest feels aggrieved, its partisans do not hesitate to censure them even when the community as a whole may be benefited. The abuse with which Mr. Cleveland has been persecuted during his second administration will serve for an illustration.

Populists have found fault with him because he subdued the railroad strikers who had been inveigled by Debs and encouraged by Altgeld, in Illinois.

Anglomaniacs called him a fool and a knave when he issued the Venezuelan proclamation.

Silverites and all classes of malcontents have deprecated the tenacity with which he clung to the gold standard; they impeached his motives when he assumed the responsibility of issuing bonds, the only means for the maintenance of our national credit. In their times George Washington and Abraham Lincoln have been persecuted by contemporaries for no better reasons. The impartial historian takes a broader view of the surrounding circumstances when he judges great men, and is apt to chronicle with amazement the scurrilous attacks which the public silently has suffered to be made upon their character.

The criticisms of Governor William H. McKinley have been chiefly directed against his protective proclivities and the friendly attitude which he formerly assumed towards silver.

Protectionists attribute the prolonged depression of prices and stagnation of business to the reductions made by the present tariff. The expectation that Mr. McKinley will remedy these evils by a return to the rates which he advocated as chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means has made his name popular, so that he was chosen in preference to candidates who do not worship protection as their idol. Whatever the wishes of Mr. McKinley may be, his party will probably be disinclined to favor the re-imposition of extreme rates. The lesson of 1892 has not been forgotten; a silver Senate will refuse to pass any tariff which fails to provide for its pet industry. Foreboding the evil which protection may cause is worse than useless. When a higher tariff is actually proposed it will be time enough to demonstrate that the attempt must lead to over-importation before the law can take effect; and that the passage of such an act could revive our industries only for a brief period, because it would soon lead them to disastrous overproduction, and a competition of American manufacturers such as we have already experienced.

When Germany and France realize that protection does not always protect, when England celebrates the fiftieth anniversary of the abolishment of its corn laws as the beginning of its commercial supremacy, it is unlikely that a retrograde movement, such as a return to the old McKinley rates would be, will be initiated. And if re-enacted, they would not long remain on our statute-books, for their consequence would soon arouse public opinion against them. Then the most stubborn protectionist may begin to realize the dangers of free coinage, and that the present depression is largely due to a timidity of capital to engage in new enterprise, because so far we have persistently refused to legalize the payment of our bonds in gold, and thereby to place our currency on a safe basis.

It is quite true that Major McKinley has formerly misunderstood the currency question; so have J. G. Carlisle and some of the stanchest friends which the gold standard now has. Times change. Bourbons who considered it below their dignity "to learn or forget anything" have made room for statesmen open to conviction, who understand that changed conditions would make the attempt to fix the relative values of silver and gold disastrous now, while it may have been defensible in the past. Although he has directed his attention more to other matters, Mr. McKinley may be relied upon now to espouse the cause of sound money. He pointed out the dangers to which free coinage would lead in the public speech he made at Niles on August 22, 1891. To the Foraker Club of Cleveland, when they came to congratulate him, he said, "The currency and credit of the government are good now, and must be kept good forever." In a speech at Alliance, Ohio, he said, "The people mean to maintain the financial honor of the country as sacredly as they maintain the honor of the flag." On July 31 he said to the veterans in Canton, "Every dollar of our debt has been paid in gold, and will be paid in the same unquestioned coin." As long as his nomination was yet uncertain a publication of his former utterances in favor of silver could be explained by a desire to prevent it, and by the wish to see Governor Morton successful, because he might be more conservative, or Thomas B. Reed, because he is probably more energetic. But the aspersions upon the soundness of Major McKinley's views continued after his nomination. Some papers quoted recently yet the opinion that he would sign a free-coinage act if it were presented to him; in other words, that he would violate the pledge to stand by his party's platform.

That he is not capable of such treachery must be evident to everybody who knows his past career. Mr. McKinley has become the logical choice of every true friend of sound currency; we can be saved from repudiation and national dishonor only by his election. If we cannot forget some of his faults, let us remember the sound advice of Goethe, "Assert nothing which is untrue, but beware of revealing the whole truth."

While it is suicidal to attack Mr. McKinley at present, it is injudicious to abuse Mr. Bryan. The editor of one of our best journals called him a blatherskite on the day of his nomination, and reported him in the news columns of the same issue as "an honorable man, who believes what he says." A wavering Democrat, doubtful about the merits of our chief controversy, may be induced to vote for this candidate when he reads such invectives. It is well known that our Western Demosthenes relies more on the theatrical effect which his speeches produce than the logical reasons they contain; but we can convert more voters by a clear exposition of the fallacy of his arguments than by slanders. We have borne with ignorance as long as it remained harmless; when it begins to threaten the welfare of the country it is time to act. A union of sound-money Democrats with the Republicans in their opposition to Bryan appears at present to be the best means of saving the country. Sentimental prejudice should cease to guide us when national honor is at stake. We are Americans before we are Democrats or Republicans. Let us adopt a platform in accordance with our principles, and elect Congressmen to sustain them; let us either vote for Major McKinley or a sound-money Democrat. Our wishes will be respected if Major McKinley is elected, and the currency question will be taken out of politics and probably settled for all time.

We cannot make it too clear that Mr. Bryan takes the wrong view of this question, that the adoption of the principles expressed by the Chicago platform must lead to national bankruptcy and interfere with our prosperity. But all friends of sound money must unite in their efforts to defeat Mr. Bryan. The only argument when appeals to reason fail is united action.

LOUIS WINDMÜLLER.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION IN MAINE.

IN a Presidential year the State election in Maine, as everybody knows, is of great importance, because, occurring in September, it gives, or is supposed to give, a foretaste of what will happen throughout the country in November. If either party shows a substantial loss or gain at the Maine State election, it is taken as an indication of the way in which the tide is running, and consequently it has an effect upon that large class whose chief political motive is to be on the winning side. In 1840, when Governor Kent was elected, the importance and the unexpectedness of the result gave rise to those familiar lines:

Maine went
Hell-bent
For Governor Kent.

The situation this year is full of doubt and complexity. The Republicans are confident of carrying the State, but they fear that their normal majority of 12,000 will be cut down. Mr. Manley has declared recently that he and his associates intend to make the most vigorous campaign which the State has seen since 1882, and it is certain that the free-silver men will be equally energetic. Mr. Bryan himself is expected to make several speeches in Maine, and it is probable that the National Free-silver Committee will send as many men and as much money "down East" as it can spare. The Presidential campaign this year is evidently to be an "emotional" one; and if the Maine State election in September should show a large falling off in the Republican majority, it would go far to create that "stampede" which the free-silver men expect and rely upon.

The nomination of Mr. Sewall as Vice-President on the free-silver ticket will probably have only a slight effect. He is popular in the city of Bath, with which his family has been identified for over a hundred years, and he is well known to railroad men from his connection with the Maine Central. Mr. Sewall's wealth, by-the-way, has been exaggerated immensely. In the West it is set down at anywhere from three to six millions. As a matter of fact it amounts only to about half a million, and the Sewall ship-yard, about which so much has been said, is a rather small affair which has been idle for the past two years. If Mr. Sewall were an orator, he might, as a candidate for the Vice-Presidency, backed up by wealth, business ability, and a good family name, win over many votes; but Mr. Sewall is not an orator.

The Democratic party of Maine is in a very mixed condition. Its original nominee for the Governorship, Mr. Winslow, was thought to be a strong candidate, and he was expected to gain some votes from the Republicans, especially in Portland and in that vicinity. Mr. Winslow, however, is suspected of a leaning toward free silver, and if he has that leaning it will explain his final declination as a candidate. His letter declining to stand, which was not made public till Monday two weeks ago, although he was nominated so long ago as June 17, is unsatisfactory and almost incoherent. The only reason which he gives for declining is expressed in these words, "If I wish to secure the vote of the Democratic party I shall be obliged to harmonize with both the gold and silver platforms, and that I cannot do under any circumstances." Why he does not stand to his guns upon the platform upon which he was nominated Mr. Winslow does not explain; and his conduct in declining at this late day seems weak and treacherous.

It having devolved upon the State Committee either to make a new nomination or to call a new convention, it took the latter course, and the second convention was held at Waterville, August 6. A strong minority of the committee were in favor of adopting the Chicago platform and the Chicago ticket; and the new convention, when it met, took this view of the matter, and nominated Melvin P. Frank, a free-silver candidate, for Governor, W. H. Clifford, followed by the sound-money men, quitting the hall. The gold plank of the first convention was withdrawn, and an endorsement of Bryan and the silver platform substituted. In 1894 the vote for Governor was as follows: Republican, 69,599; Democratic, 30,621; Prohibition, 2730; Populist, 5321. It will then be seen that even in 1894 the Populists

had the nucleus of a party in Maine. Their candidate for Governor that year, Mr. Bateman, occupies the same position this year. He is a fluent speaker, but not an orator, like Mr. Bryan, and his personal following is small. Aside from politics, his chief occupation has been that of a lecturer on phrenology. Mr. Bateman was a delegate to the Populist convention at St. Louis, where he opposed the nomination of Mr. Sewall, thus adding another element of complexity to the situation.

The present indications are that Waldo and Knox counties will be carried for Bryan and Sewall, and possibly Aristook County. The city of Portland is for sound money; but in Bangor and in Lewiston there is a strong sentiment for free silver. It must be remembered that Maine once elected a Greenback ticket, and free silver is but another form of Greenbackism. The Greenback Governor was elected largely by the agricultural vote. In the campaign of that year Solon Chase and his famous yoke of steers cut a prominent figure. Mr. Chase, a typical farmer in appearance, disdaining a neck-tie, and wearing cowhide boots of the most substantial kind, made a tour of the farming districts. He avoided the large towns, and even the villages if they were of any size, and made his speeches in the more remote school-houses, and in barns along the road. These speeches had a considerable effect, and the free-silver men intend to adopt similar tactics. In the course of the next few weeks the rural post-offices will be flooded with free-silver documents, and free-silver orators will be perched upon every available stump in the central and northern counties. The farmers in Maine are an exceedingly intelligent class, but they are not skilled in finance. How, indeed, could they be? Their minds, however, are open to conviction, and if they could hear both sides of the question fairly presented, and then deliberate upon it, they would probably reach the right conclusion. But times are hard; the prices of steers and of colts have been going lower and lower for several years; and the free-silver fallacy, which promises immediate prosperity, should it be accepted, is likely to make serious inroads upon the ordinary Republican majority in Maine.

H. C. M.

THE FREE-SILVER "DIVVY."

[In one of the Southern Congressional districts a member of Congress overheard some of his rural constituents figuring up what amount, *per capita*, each of them would have when the bill for the free coinage of silver should become a law.]

Scene of the colloquy—"THE CROSS-ROADS GROCERY."

JIM GODFREY.

"SAY, Bingham, what did old Bill Bascom say
About free silver fixed *pur capitay?*
I own a right smart piece of farmin'-ground,
But want my 'divvy' when the 'swag' goes round."

BINGHAM.

"Waal, I just reckon, if I heerd aright,
'Twould beat our raisin' cotton 'out of sight;
He says some forty dollars we shall draw,
If nothin' comes to spike the blessed law.

"But there's that Wall Street crew—they stick to gold
'Cause we poor folks can't get it; and I'm told
That while they won't have silver money free,
They 'corner' every gold-piece that they see."

JIM GODFREY.

"Yes, Bingham, money's hard to get and keep—
That's why we want it easy made and cheap;
We ought to help the silver-miners too,
When they are workin' so for me and you."

BINGHAM.

"Stop, Jim. Let's liquor up, and wet our throats.
I tell you what, we've got down here the votes,
In spite of all the pesky gold sharks do,
To scoop this 'divvy,' and boom silver too.

"It's folks like us, that stand with 'hat in hand,'
That's goin' to make the people understand
That Andrew Jackson, and the men once great,
Loved silver as our town loves 'whiskey straight.'

"I'd like to know who *won't* be on our side,
When it gets known about this big 'divide';
Why—'forty dollars'—that 'll buy a mule,
And when this Cross-Roads votes, it votes no fool."

JOEL BENTON.

HOT DAYS OUT WEST.

ALL along the California coast hot days in summer are the exception. You may count on the fingers of a single hand the days in a season in San Francisco when the mercury rises above ninety degrees. But it is another story in the great interior valleys which are shut off by a mountain wall from the trade-winds and the fogs of the Pacific Ocean. This summer has been marked by excessively hot weather in the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys, the temperature being 110 degrees in the shade for more than a week. In these valleys this great heat is made more enervating by humidity; but on the borders of the Mohave and Colorado deserts, though the mercury in the sun often indicates 140 degrees and over 120 degrees in the shade, the suffering is not so intense, because of the absolute lack of moisture. Reports from the desert recently show that many men engaged in hard work in the sun have succumbed to the heat. And yet, despite the misery of existence under this fierce sunshine, few dwellers on the fringe of these California deserts can be induced to leave their homes. The desert has a strange fascination, which Balzac painted in glowing colors in one of his most powerful short stories, and which is felt, though it cannot be put in words, by all who live under its brazen sky and look out upon its dreary wastes of shifting sands.

THE TROUBLES IN MACEDONIA.

To us, fortunately thousands of miles away from the troubles just breaking out in European Turkey, there always has been uncertainty as to what were the limits of Macedonia. We hear occasionally of a city there, called Monastir, where incipient diplomatists, representing certain European powers, are sent, and who live there in dread of their lives, for they never venture out of nights "without a strong escort." If we are to judge of Macedonia as presented by English authorities, the entire province is a "Slough of Despond," and a country which never can be bettered as long as it remains under the rule of the Porte. Sympathy for general humanity should be quite free from any of the gush which might be due to sentiment on the supposition that the true Hellen finds a representative in Macedonia. The Greek blood, if existing there, has been so crossed by barbarians that there is scarce a drop of it left. Diplomatists of the very highest rank have nothing of that weakness called humanitarianism. The Berlin Treaty was, however, by no means an easy thing to make. That all northern and western Turkey would at one time or another fall to Russia they knew was a certainty. The question was this. Having made a number of petty buffer states, as Eastern Roumelia, Bulgaria, Bosnia, Herzegovina, it was thought extremely clever to give Turkey her old grip on Macedonia. Rule it badly she was sure to do, still it would remain say for twenty-five or thirty years to come a hinderance to Russian encroachments. Of course smart diplomatists were aware of Greek sympathy, but that was deemed an insignificant quantity, which it really was and is. Ever since the Berlin Treaty, Macedonia, being furthest away from Constantinople and the inquisitorial searchings of English diplomatists, the province has been going to the dogs. Macedonia has been plundered, Christians, Jews, and Mussulmans alike, by Turkish valis, kadis, and those special bandits known as zaptiehs. Life and property have been just as insecure as in Armenia, only not brought so much in evidence. All the promises made by the Porte as to reforms, equal justice to subjects, indifferent as to creed, have been forgotten. Not that the Sultan may not have tried to improve matters, but because he has been and is utterly impuissant. A great state, as is England, for her own preservation must be selfish. She knows that in any contest, no matter how great or little, engaged in by a Macedonian Christian and a Turk, the final argument used by the turbaned one would be a pistol-shot. Downing Street falls back invariably with a suggestion of this kind: "It's a domestic row, you know, this Armenian, Cretan, or Macedonian nuisance, and let them settle it among themselves."

There are many disquieting phases of this Macedonian affair. If Greece would show her hand too openly, that would bring about jealousies on the part of the buffer states, which, wanting territory, would be little inclined to acknowledge any Greek encroachments; for there is no such racial hatred imaginable as that existing between the Slav and the Greek. Look at it as we may, the whole condition of matters, as far as Turkey goes, is threatening. In this Macedonian outbreak there are the germs of a general conflict, with the invariable advantage which Russia will obtain in the long-run, for she is possessed with that inimitable quality which is "to wait."

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RECALLED STORMY TIMES.
"WELL, that looks natural," said the old soldier, looking at a can of condensed milk on the breakfast-table in place of ordinary milk that failed on account of the storm. "It's the Gail Borden Eagle Brand we used during the war."—[*Adv.*]

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DR. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS is a world-renowned article. Beware of imitations.—[*Adv.*]

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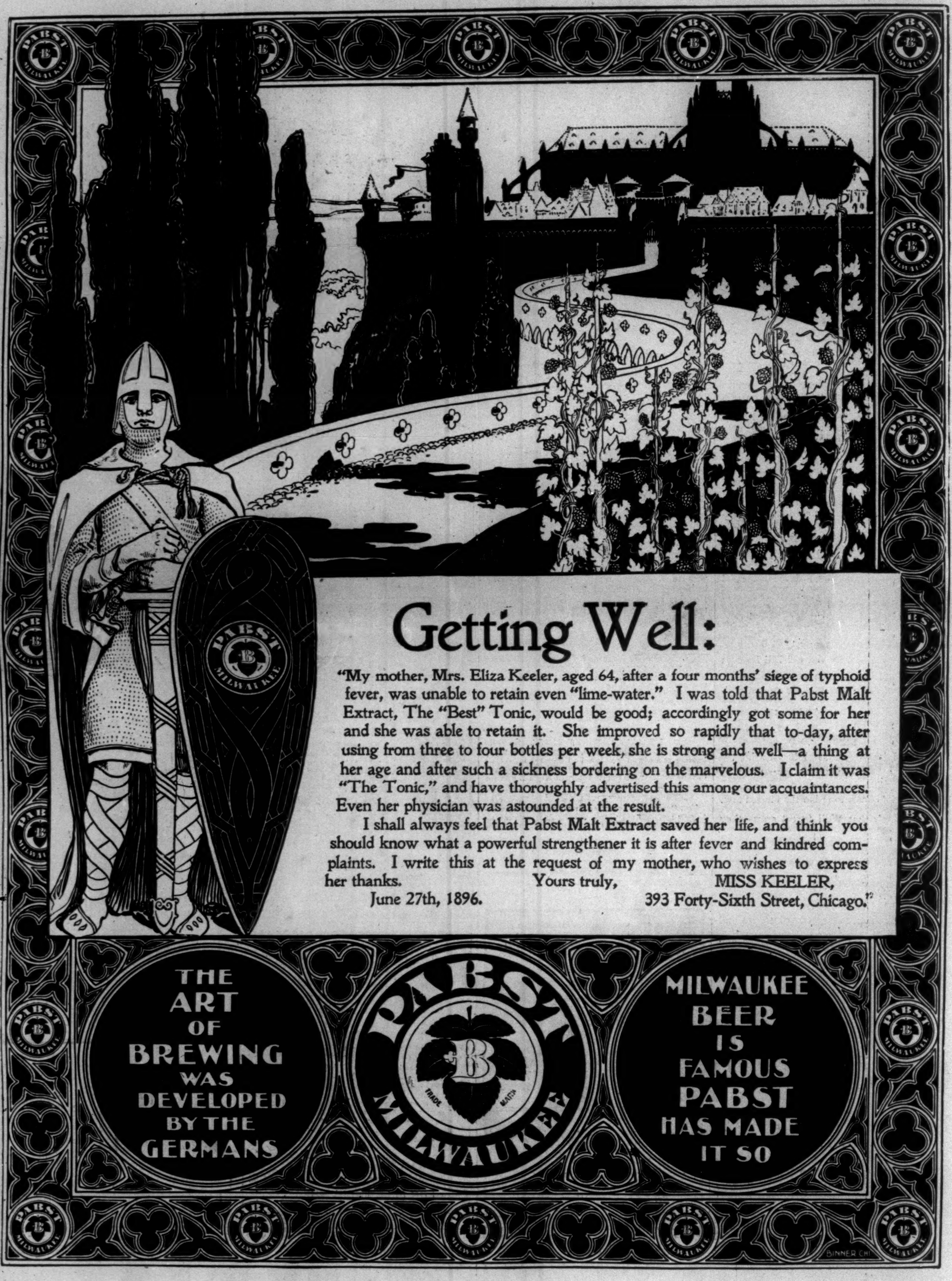
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I shall always feel that Pabst Malt Extract saved her life, and think you should know what a powerful strengthener it is after fever and kindred complaints. I write this at the request of my mother, who wishes to express her thanks. Yours truly, MISS KEELER,
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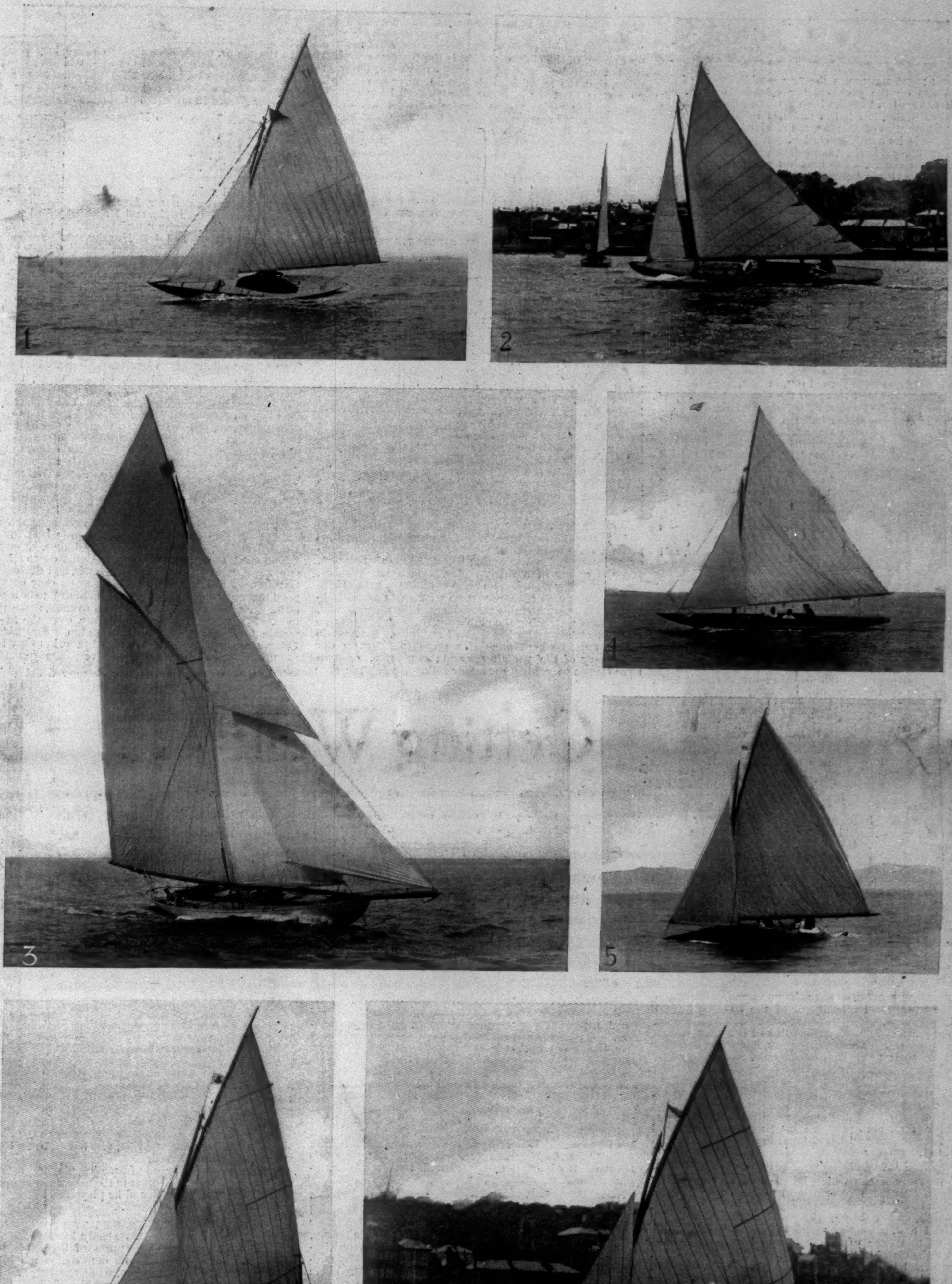

SOME CRACK ENGLISH SMALL RACING YACHTS.—[See "Amateur Sport," Page 814.]

1. *Darthula*, 1 Rater. 2. *Vaquero*, 2½ Rater. 3. *The Saint*, Winning 20 Rater. 4. *Mavis*, 1 Rater. 5. *Rorqual*, 2½ Rater. 6. *Scud*, 1 Rater. 7. *Bow-wow*, 1 Rater.

AMATEUR SPORT

THERE IS NO DOUBTING the firm establishment of the small boats on the yacht-racing calendar this season. Not that there has hitherto been no small-boat racing in the United States, but it has failed of recognition in the important regattas of the year, and received no encouragement outside its own Association. In point of fact, the most flourishing clubs in America to-day are those devoted to small-boat racing. The broadest yachting interest of this country, as it must always be, is centred in the smaller boats. Their doings are not so elaborately exploited through the press, but their several annual regattas are none the less sport-giving. In the immediate vicinity of New York there are several clubs and innumerable active members. Some day it will be worth while gathering data on the small-boat racing of Long Island Sound and New York Bay for an especial paper. The New England coast swarms with cats and small sloops. There are many clubs on the Great Lakes to show the interest of the middle West; the Southern Yacht Club at New Orleans and several others on the Gulf sustain the interest in the South, while on the Pacific coast, from San Francisco to Seattle, small-yacht racing is perennial. San Francisco alone has a very successful club and a large fleet.

IN ENGLAND THE SMALLER YACHTS have always contributed the best sport of the season. The smartest boats English designers have turned out, in fact, have been of the smaller classes, and this year the cleverest two of the lot appear to be the 20-raters *The Saint* and *The Penitent*. This is the class to which belongs Mr. Howard Gould's *Niagara*, and which last year, it will be remembered, outsailed everything of its size in British waters. This season, thus far, *Niagara* has been beaten by both *The Saint* and *The Penitent*, and the English 20-raters have each won over the other. *The Saint* seems to be the better of the two, however, judging from the cabled opinions of English yachtsmen. And this is not all of English small-boat racing. The old half-rater class has disappeared, legislated out of existence, but another has taken its place, of a type a bit larger, although practically the same, and there are the one-raters, and one and a half, and two, and so on up the scale to the large classes.

THE INTERNATIONAL 15-FOOT RACE, sailed last year and this under the auspices of the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Yacht Club, has, more than anything else perhaps, served to direct general attention to the smaller boats. But the 15-footer was too diminutive to be of practical use in fostering a racing class of small yachts, although a goodly number were built for the International event. Last year we had the 21-footers, but they also proved too small to serve other purpose than that of being a mere racing toy. This year has come a class nine feet longer on the water-line—the 30-footers—and they seem destined to be the forerunners of what eventually of itself must turn into a large class, or lead to the building of one ten feet longer on the water-line. A return to the once popular 40-footers,—in other words. These 30-footers can be built at moderate cost, if need be—though those built by Herreshoff and costing $2800 are extravagant beyond all reason—and run without great expense. They are large enough for a little cruise, and not too large for two men to handle.

Beyond all, they are invaluable nurseries of seamanship. Any class of boats that increases the number of our amateur sailor-men should be encouraged on all sides. We have none too many. Unfortunately the yacht clubs have not fully recognized the importance of this feature, and even in the special races no insistence is made upon Corinthians being at the helm. Literally, the only value of this class is the opportunity it affords for thorough and practical instruction in yacht-sailing. The boats teach nothing especial in lines; they are substantially all from the same fin-keel model; indeed, a majority of them are from the same designer, and draw eighteen inches without the fin, and seven feet with it. If, therefore, professionals are hired to race the 30-footers, the class loses all its value and more than half its interest.

MANY OF THE OWNERS have shown appreciation of the peculiar educational advantages of the 30-footers, and sailed their boats, and some of these Corinthian sailor-men are past masters in the art; but two of the most prominent of the class, *Asahi* and *Esperanza*, have been sailed in nearly all their races by professionals. We know Mr. Bayard Thayer for a sportsman and a clever sailor-man, and wonder at his employment of a professional skipper for *Asahi*. It seems to me the yacht clubs, in holding races, should rule against professional steersmen on the 30-footers.

Larchmont was the first club to recognize the class, but the New York club provided the first special race and cup of the season, and has evinced less indifference than usual to the smaller classes. There has been a great deal of racing for the 30-footers off Newport.

IN FIFTEEN RACES which I have seen or kept record of, *Asahi* (Bayard Thayer owner) has won 7 firsts, 4 seconds, and 2 thirds; *Vaquero* (H. B. Duryea owner), 5 firsts, 3 seconds, and 4 thirds; *Esperanza* (A. T. Van Winkle owner), 1 first, 6 seconds, and 3 thirds. These three appear at this time of the season to have attained the right to be classed as first, second, and third of the class. *Hera*, owned by Ralph N. Ellis, *Puck*, by E. D. Morgan, *Wa Wa*, by James A. Stillman, seem to come next. The most pleasing feature of *Vaquero's* success is its having been won with her owner at the helm. Mr. Duryea has sailed *Vaquero* in all her races, and shown himself a most clever sailor-man. Messrs. Ellis and Morgan,—two more clever sailor-men,—have also sailed their own boats.

We shall shortly have the opportunity of seeing an English 30-footer against the American productions. *Rosemary*, owned by Mr. Gerald Paget and designed in England, has just arrived, and will enter a special cup race to be given off Newport shortly. It will be interesting to see if English designers have outbuilt Herreshoff in the 30-footers, as they did with *The Saint* and *The Penitent* in the 20-raters.

THERE IS NO GETTING AWAY from the fact that the smaller racing-yachts to-day are the popular ones, not only with the majority of yachtsmen, but with that overflowing class of sportsmen who, from lack of capital or time, may not own a racing-boat, but whose interest in the sport never grows less. And the New York Yacht Club's need of the hour is recognition of this sentiment for smaller classes. The N.Y.Y.C. is viewed as a club for "big-yacht" owners only, and so far as concerns the past policy of the club, that light is the proper one. But it is a well-known fact, born of experience, bitter at times, that the recruiting-field should never be slighted, no matter what the sport or how powerful the organization. Big racing-yachts require unusual wealth to build, unusual expense and leisure to handle throughout the season. Even though a man has the capital—if he is a yachtsman—he will, in the majority of cases, greatly prefer the smaller craft to which he need not devote so much time and money, and out of which he is certain to get more personal enjoyment. There is more sport handling a 30-footer than a 90, for instance. One need only watch the thirties at the starting-line for convincing evidence,—or talk with one of their owner sailing-masters for full corroboration.

INTEREST IN THE VERY LARGE RACING-YACHTS has been rapidly waning the last half-dozen years, because of all these reasons, to wit—cost of building, care and expense of running, and lesser sport in the handling.

Another and equally weighty reason is the disinclination of yachtsmen to invest so large a sum as a modern eighty to ninety foot sloop demands, only to have her outbuilt and laid on the shelf for racing purposes probably within a year. Few men be they never so rich care to support a class which entails such initial outlay and so large eventual loss.

Another reason why the smaller classes should be recognized widely and completely is because of their educational value. The small boat is the school-ship of American yachting. The more thirties and forties and forty-fives we have, the more thoroughly equipped will be these skippers when in time they assume the responsibility of a big racing-yacht, and the greater assurance will there be of a permanently abiding interest in their endeavors?

It may not be the present 30-footer class, which is indeed a bit small to be recognized as a cruiser, but the small boat is certain to fill an important part in future racing. Why not the 40-footer,—a clever all-round boat?

WHEN THE OWNER OF A STEAMER, who, more often than not, may not know the flying-jib from the foresail, is given a voice in the adjustment of a club's yachting policy, yachting and not steaming being the club's vocation, and the owner of a thirty-footer, who, if he sails her, must be a sailor-man, has no voice at all in the club's legislation, it seems as if there was no wisdom in such tradition. To ignore a club's recruiting-field is shortsighted, and means restricting the club's regattas and cruises to a few large boats and a big fleet of steamers. Interest in racing must be kept alive if we are to maintain our supremacy of the yachting world; nay, more, we must have classes to graduate amateur sailor-men, else in time to come we shall be a nation of yacht-owners, perhaps, instead of yachtsmen.

The New York Y. C. makes a mistake in not giving voice to the owners of boats of so small tonnage as, say, ten tons (the thirty-footers are 9⅞); it is not keeping abreast of the times, and unless it listens to the warning voice of its more progressive element will to a large degree lose present prestige, and instead of a dominant factor in racing, become merely trustee of the *America's* Cup.

THIS YEAR'S CLUB CRUISE, which ended at Newport on Monday, was heavily laden with lessons on the subject. It must have made an impression upon those members that are earnestly interested in the future of American yacht-racing, and convinced them how wise was the recent legislation of the club, which created Class VII., and spread the following on record:

"Class IV., not over 60 and over 51 feet racing length; Class V., not over 51 feet and over 43 feet racing length; Class VI., not over 43 and over 36 feet racing length; and Class VII., not over 36 feet racing length."

Hitherto no boat under 50 feet racing length was permitted representation in the club's regattas or cruises. The tonnage should be reduced still more.

THROUGHOUT THE CRUISE the attendant fleet was large, very large considering the troublous times, and quite up to the average, but the actual racers have been very few, probably fewer than in the club's recent history. The schooner representation from start to finish was splendid—*Colonia*, *Emerald*, *Marguerite*, *Iroquois*, *Elsemarie*, *Amorita*, and *Quissetta* would make the cruise of any club successful, and in addition from Newport there were *Merlin*, *Fortuna*, *Alcœa*, and *Montauk*. Two of the best schooners on the American list, *Lasca* and *Ariel*, were not seen at any time on the cruise. The sloop class, however, the very class which ordinarily furnishes most of our racing, and whence come our cleverest skippers, was much below its capabilities under proper encouragement. And yet under the circumstances it was exceedingly good, too, with *Queen Mab*, *Wasp*, *Wayward*, *Carmita*, *Uvira*, *Minerva*, *Olga*, *Eclipse*, *Choctaw*, *Norota*, *Liris*, *Awa*. But, then, this is such a tiny handful compared with the size of our single-sticker fleet!

IT WAS A SUCCESSFUL CRUISE, and Commodore Brown and his Fleet Captain and Regatta Committee have added one more to the many yachting successes with which their names are associated. The runs were started in season, and, except for the drift from Newport to Vineyard Haven (when *Colonia* went ashore, and none finished by midnight), were all enjoyable and finished in daylight. There were no protests, and no accidents to influence results, save that one due to the criminal stupidity of the steam-yacht *Viking's* captain, who poked her bowsprit through *Wasp's* mainsail, after nearly running her down on the very starting-line. The captain of the *Viking* and all captains so incompetent should be blacklisted.

There were upwards of seventy-five in the fleet that anchored off Huntington after the Commodore Cup races from Glen Cove, and fifteen crossed the line for the first squadron run of 64 miles to New London. It was an uneventful day, with nothing especial stirring in the racing, for the wind was dead astern, and it was a run the entire distance. Running before the wind is not very exciting, nor does it give chance for clever handling. However, the day served as solace to *Colonia* for her defeat by *Emerald* the day before in the Commodore Cup races, for she led the way into New London forty-eight minutes ahead of her rival. Stanch old *Iroquois* beat the more modern *Marguerite* by seven minutes, and Mr. Harris's *Quissetta*, the Gardner schooner built to beat *Amorita*, fulfilled the purpose of her creation. She again defeated *Amorita* by so large a margin, 15 min. 35 sec., as to leave little doubt of their comparative speed.

In the sloops, *Carmita* strangely enough beat *Wasp* by 1¼ minutes, and *Eclipse* by 41 minutes, which was not so strange. *Minerva* beat *Uvira* 23 and *Choctaw* 25 minutes. *Queen Mab* was without a competitor in her own class, but won over *Norota* 16 minutes in the mixed class.

FROM NEW LONDON TO NEWPORT the run was quite interesting, and furnished, moreover, a bit of the sensational in *Emerald's* unexpected defeat of *Colonia* by 2.26 elapsed, and 4.18 corrected time, in the forty miles of sailing, which included a close reach, a broad reach, and a run. There was no windward work, *Colonia's* strongest point, and this, together with the shifting breeze, very largely accounted for *Emerald's* victory over Mr. Postley's schooner. *Merlin* and *Wayward* joined the fleet at New London, otherwise it arrived off Newport with the same number that had left Huntington. Yet another surprise of the run to Newport was *Amorita's* victory over *Quissetta*—4 min. elapsed time. But these two have really not raced together sufficiently to now provide surprise whichever wins. *Iroquois* again beat *Marguerite* 2.05. *Queen Mab* beat *Wayward* 15.22, and *Wasp* more nearly approached her form by defeating *Carmita* 9 m. *Minerva* easily won her class from *Uvira* by 7.55, beating also *Choctaw*, *Liris*, and *Awa*.

THE SPECIAL RACING of the cruise was furnished from Glen Cove to Huntington by Commodore E. M. Brown's cups, and off Newport by those of Captain Ogden Goelet. On both occasions the supreme contest lay between the same two boats in both schooner and sloop classes, and each had its turn in winning. *Emerald* won the Commodore schooner cup, and *Colonia* won the Goelet trophy; in the sloops *Wasp* won the Commodore and *Queen Mab* the Goelet cups. The conditions were not suited to *Queen Mab* at Glen Cove, and *Wasp* beat her about two minutes elapsed time, besides her allowance of about six minutes. At Newport *Queen Mab* gave *Wasp* ten minutes, and beat her about two more. But the ten-foot rent in *Wasp's* mainsail heavily handicapped her, and must have meant at least two minutes in the 38 miles. Besides which *Wasp* did not set her club-topsail in the 17-mile beat to windward, over which *Mab* defeated her 5 minutes.

The most interesting entry for the Commodore schooner cup was *Quissetta*, owned by Mr. Harris, and designed by Gardner. She has a well-shaped stern, an easy entrance, good sheer and long overhang forward and aft; she is painted black, is about 67 ft. l. w. l., and 97 over all, and a pretty boat. She beat *Amorita* 4 min. 8 sec. over the 21-mile course from Glen Cove to Huntington. *Emerald* beat *Colonia* about 1½ minutes corrected time, but only half a minute elapsed time, the race being very closely contested.

THE GOELET SCHOONER CUP race proved *Colonia's* superiority over *Emerald* beyond a doubt. In a steady, though not strong breeze, she won, over 38 miles of running, reaching, and windward work, by 14.07 corrected time. In the first leg, 17 miles to windward, *Colonia* beat *Emerald* 15 minutes elapsed time, nearly a minute to the mile. Besides which she went the entire distance in five hours—the fastest time yet made, I believe, over that course. *Quissetta* had the misfortune to part her throat halyards just at the start, and did not enter. *Marguerite*, *Elsemarie*, and *Iroquois* sailed a match race over the course, *Marguerite* winning by 1.55 from *Elsemarie*, and 8.29 from *Iroquois*. Nothing on the cruise so emphasized the evolution of the modern racing yacht as *Colonia* crossing the finish-line 44 minutes before *Marguerite*, the difference of l.w.l. being only 6 ft. 2 in. in the former's favor. *Queen Mab* sailed a fine race, finishing but two minutes after *Emerald*, and there is a l.w.l. difference of 26 ft. in the latter's favor.

THE NORWOOD LAWN-TENNIS TOURNAMENT, as it has done since its inauguration, brought together last week the leaders of the year, and provided most interesting play. Besides which it developed some surprises that were hardly put down among the possibilities.

It was Larned's first appearance since his return from the English courts, and though he showed the same streaky play, he revealed a brilliancy in his two matches with R. D. Wrenn which he has not equalled this year. Larned is much like Hovey—a most uncertain player, on whose performance it is wellnigh impossible to depend. That is why his double victory over Wrenn gave such surprise.

The most interesting, because unknown, figure in the tournament was Neel, the Western singles champion, who is certain to be a factor in the National championship at Newport. His work at the net is strong, unexcelled by any other player, but his ground strokes are weak, and so to some extent is his backhand. He gained the distinction of administering the only defeat to Larned; but lost to R. D. Wrenn, and most unexpectedly to G. L. Wrenn, whom he has beaten out West, and to Fischer. His best work was against Larned.

Wrenn showed the need of practice, playing strong tennis nevertheless. None other in the tournament approached his game save Larned, and he played as he has seldom performed in his tennis career.

THE MATCHES BETWEEN THESE TWO were intensely exciting, Wrenn playing his steady hard game all the time, and Larned showing spurts of invincible tennis. Wrenn's lobbing, on which he depends so much, could not keep Larned from the net, while the latter's placing down the side-lines was incomparable. Larned won the first match, 8–6, 6–2, 6–3, earning 62 of 108 points; and the second, 6–3, 3–6, 6–2, 7–5, earning 84 out of 143 points.

* By default. † Straight sets. Three sets out of five.		Larned.	R. D. Wrenn.	Neel.	G. L. Wrenn.	Fischer.	Stevens.	Talmage.
W. A. Larned	beat		2†		1†	1†	1	1
R. D. Wrenn	"			1	1	1†	1†	1†
C. B. Neel	"	1†					1†	1†
G. L. Wrenn	"			1			1*	1†
E. P. Fischer	"			1†	1			1†
R. Stevens	"					1		1†
J. F. Talmage, Jun.	"							

The chances of the Western champion pair, Neel brothers, winning in the East seem to be very good.

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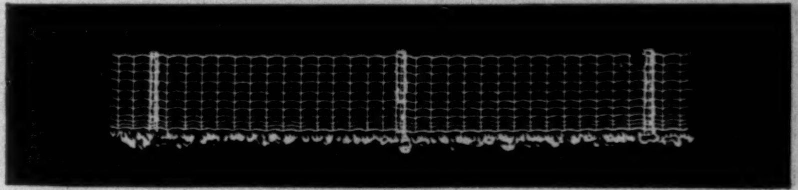

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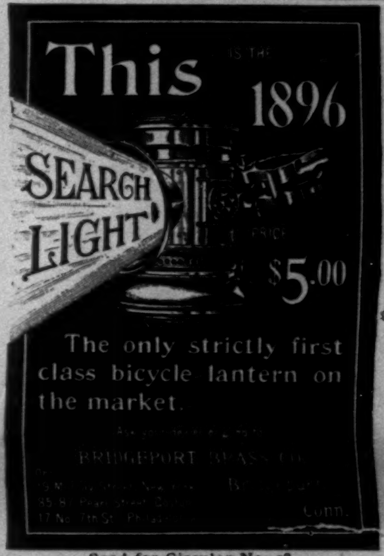

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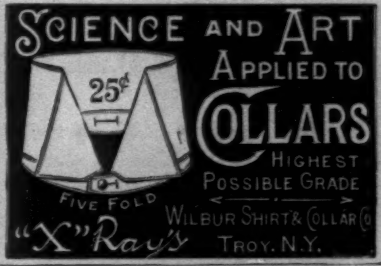

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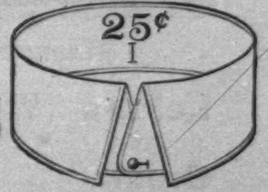

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